

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CiTR 101.9 fm

FEBRUARY 1991 FREE

DISCORDER



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DISORDER

FEBRUARY 1991 - ISSUE #97

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COVER

Tankhog unloads their van in a most unusual fashion after their gruelling North American tour. Shot by Leonard Whistler.

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CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the lower mainland except Shaw in White Rock. Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and Disorder are M-F, 10-4. Call CTR DJ line @ 822-CTTR, our office @ 822-2017, our news + sports @ 222-2487, fax us c/o CTR @ 822-6093, or write Disorder, 2233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 2A5

Life With The Family Enndye

(From the Files of T.D. Viadamira, Biographer)

ENNDYE: A large vociferously opinionated group or family given to writing a bi-monthly column attacking friend or foe, or suddenly siding with the same. This group divides and subdivides frequently, due mostly to unwise marriages and "lost" wills. Common phrases: "Bloody hell, I've lost my pipe!" and "This wine is corked! I demand a substitution!! Walter!"

VICTOR'S DREAM

Nearly all of us have been persecuted by a bully we ran we hid but felt blows words blackened and shamed us their repetition didn't soft them remember we became expert in manipulation to no avail no bribe bought him long no threat deterred him we sycophantically befriended him used the bond to extract a promise broken immediately it meant fuckall to him he lied as he breathed automatic unnoticed funny how he keeps popping back now and again just now he's loving the spies, ambassadors, pleas, peace talks.

How did he come to be so powerful to use it so ill?

Reel back time trite tragedy ripped away the tit he should have sucked? He never knew his father? Physical faults repelled the girls he should have fucked he heard the laughter threatened with expulsion passed over for promotion is this why? No matter, often such a one has no poisoned past just a future of accumulating power. We were smart enough as children to know you can't change a bully gone really crazy. Then let him play God. We'll send him high in a capsule looking down he'll circle us we're invisible as we always have been anyway he'll look down on us a god until the oxygen runs out.

—Victor Enndye

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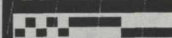
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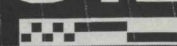
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THAT'S SIC! ALL LETTERS PRINTED AS RECEIVED.

QUINCY PUNKS STRIKE BACK

Dear Disorder:

One day about seven of us gathered in one of our parents' rooms to watch *Sid n' Nancy & DOA* (again) on video, put each others' mouthhairs up, drank some beer and read aloud in a semi-circle all the back issues of *Disorder* we've collected.

We noticed (in between razzle-dazzle "belchin'" contests) a disturbing pattern in what appears to be a series of negative assaults on the Vancouver Punk Rock Scene. We all want guidance/heroes and icons

closer together and feeling all warm n' comradeslike, leaving you alone and ugly. If this is true well, disregard this letter and just coast on our blessing to you, a canonization is not too far off in the future laddie. We were going to try and figure out if there was another reason why you slag us so, but we figured yod! figure we had nothing better to think about and call us losers or (worse) posers.

All we really want to know is, why don't you folks up at *Disorder* send someone to discover a movie shoot who isn't under duress that it's going to be a live show, or send

ourselves and the whole concept of the event was not to have a good time but to lean against a wall and complain, actually we don't even know if that's O.K. coz we're so lost and misguided. I guess the final (only) point is - we need YOUR guidance.

In the future we would appreciate it if you came up to us in Person and perhaps nip us in the bud before we do anything silly. THANK-YOUTHANKYOU THANK-YOUTHANKYOU

Sincerely -
THE QUINCY PUNKS
P.S. Storm the Bastille

"Seemingly self righteous acquittals" aside, our motto here at *Disorder* is: If some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time don't hate you, you're doing something wrong. So cheer up and enjoy Bruno's review this month. And who's Joe?

MORE THAN A FEELIN'

Dear Airhead:

I'm in Boston but your magazine is the best C'R' one I've seen. I wonder about your scene. The playlists are as good as any but unfortunately names are hard for great bands. You have a few I haven't heard so I'm hopeful. I wonder if I could order a 90 minute tape of one of your radio shows? I'd give \$6.00. It would be easy to do. If it's illegal to sell them, then definitely do it.

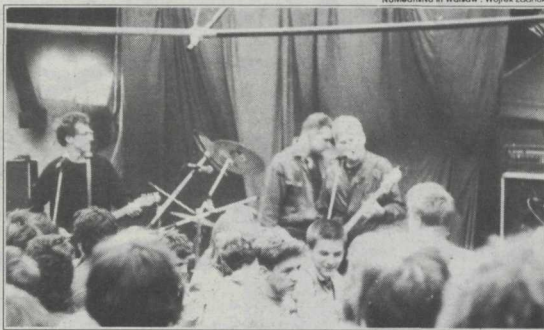
One band you have to play is *Jesus Lizard*. The worst band name ever almost but the best band I know of now. Their chrome cover on the ep - lots of stuff on their record.

STRAIT TALK

Dear Airhead:

To all "Disorderers": CTR 101.9 fm Stereophonic Bliss! Merry Krinkle, Snappy 1991... Proud to distribute "Disorder." "Local Motion" - Disorder or Georgia Straight? Nice letter in G.S., Lisa!

Terry J. Gibson
Regina



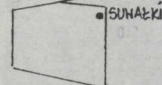
NoMeatNo in Warsaw: Wojtek Zdanuk

Disorder or *Georgia Straight* indeed. After discussing this matter with the G.S. editor and writing aforementioned letter, it seems the people running that mag still couldn't (or wouldn't) come up with a new name. So we say fuck 'em. RIP *Local Motion*! Stay tuned for a brand new local scene column starting next month.

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE POLISH DISCO-THEQUE?

Hi Airhead!

Greetings from Poland! I'm writing to you because I heard about your radio station "RADIO CTR" 101.9 fm. Probably you are looking for some subjects connected with Polish music. I have some contacts. Maybe you will be interested in groups like: APATIA (in English: APATHY), AHMSA, KARCEK (in English: DARK CELL) etc. Have you heard about them? They are very good. You don't know what you are losing unknowing them. APATIA is from Poznan City, AHMSA from Warsaw and KARCEK exists in Slupsk City. My town - Suwalki - is a small town in north-east Poland (about 60,000 inhabitants).



Here is a form of Poland and my town. In fact there is nothing interesting for people of my age (I'm 21 years

old). Of course there are plenty of discotheques for dickheads. I really don't know how the matter is in Canada, but in Poland aggressive and foolish people, who only think about scuffles, very fast fucking and drink as much as they can go to discotheques. To my surprise many girls take part in it. Apparently they enjoy that churlishness (I must be fascinating to be fucked by macho-man). I and my friends try to organize

wasmieja" maybe it's me! If you are interested in these position, give us titles and how much of them you want. We are interested in groups like: NOMEANSO (my favourite group), BAD BRAINS, DOA, CAPTOL, PUNISHMENT, groups from Alternative Tent, and Discord Rec. Unfortunately these records are unavailable, the only chance to get them is exchanging. If you want learn you information about PEOPLES'

independent concerts (APATIA and AHMSA will play in Suwalki on 30.12.1990). We have our club and we do gigs in it. We meet one another there, sometimes drink beer (I don't like drunkenness, but I don't like sobriety, too). It's very fine, all of us have a good time and our club is really safe. It is the only local in our town where people who look strangely (of course in other people's opinion) aren't smashed into their face. It's a little like a pub, because the club is lived by the sale of beer. Since New Year there will be vegetarian food in it. Our problem is a shortage of contacts with interesting organisations from all around the world. We are interested in people and groups of people working in free way except for fascism, sexism and nihilism. We have a favour to ask of you. We need some contacts, exchange of information, records and tapes. Maybe you are interested in Polish records. There are few records of Polish bands (much less than tapes).

Reason: doing of tapes is cheaper and "independent stage" haven't got a technical base to make records. However we have access to a few records with music of Polish bands: Records: MOSKWA - 2nd LP DEZERTER - 2nd LP and 3rd LP "Wszystkie przeciw wszystkim" / "All Against All" - It will be soon in shops.

Tapes: AURORA - demo KARCEK - live '90 - demo KARCEK - "Blindman" Joanna Makabresku - "Plata prostytucji" (the fifth prostitution) NOMEANSO - live in Warsaw / QRRVQ tapes INKWIZYCJA - "No własne podobieństwo" KOLABOANCY - "The Heat" KOLABORANCY - "Amozie to

LIBERATION FRONT. It's an anarchist organisation from Gdansk! They possess squat. Probably you edit fanzin connected with it what's going on in your RADIO CTR. I would like to get it. Please, send me some addresses of American or Canadian addresses. I want to edit my own zine (I need some subjects of that reason). Our group is called GROUP OF FRIVOLOUS ACTIONS "SYNANON". We want to break a state of torpor in head of people from our town and region. Slowly it improves.

I am waiting for answer! My address: WOJTEK ZDANUK UL. NONIEWICZA 18/43 16-400 SUWALKI POLAND

Sounds like the Polish scene isn't much different than ours.

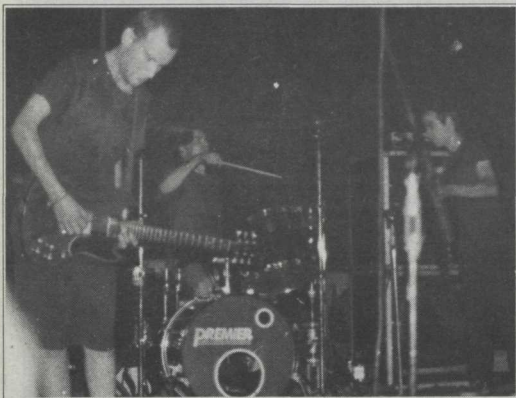
JESUS SAVES DISORDERERS

Hey AIRHEADS

Pulling "Dancing on the Clouds" in Honour (?) of X-Mas is the latest editorial decision I've seen in year 1 C'mon! You folks are DIS-CORDER not THE PLAIN TRUTH and failure to print an item out of fear of insulting the status quo is (dare I say it!) censorship.

See ya
Julian (D.O.T.C.) Lawrence

The C-word? Yikes! While the artist was under the impression that we'd pulled the moral majority to see Jesus' genitalia during the holiday season, in truth it was simply the eternal problem of too much stuff and not enough \$\$\$, time to page 24 for episode #17 of D.O.T.C. which should have been run last month but, due to very weird circumstances, #18 was run instead. Whew!



Fugazi in Warsaw: Wojtek Zdanuk

n'shit... and we keep trying to find the light of wisdom and support in your seemingly self righteous acquittals of us, but alas are left cold.

First (being the positive folks we are) we figured you just believed a little too much in unity among the socially maladjusted - and were opting yourself as a martyr for us to collectively hate, thus bringing us

someone who doesn't care about goates to a Jell-O Biafra gig. In our collective stupor we rally forth back into the cracks we crawled out of after shows, feeling at one with the downtown under ground and well...yes...ENJOYING ourselves damnit. Then we read *Disorder* and are left mortified and shattered - finding out that we made fools of

The MIT station has a real good digital live tape. My message to all C'R' stations - sell ads do it illegally. Like a student job.

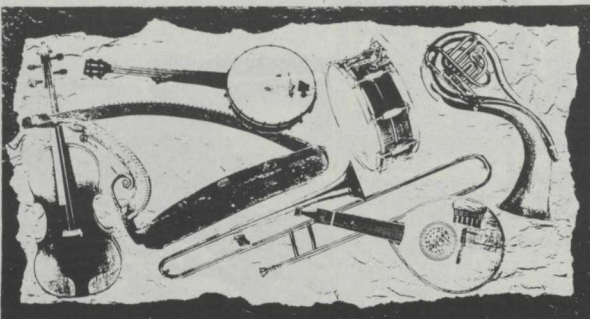
Chip & Brenda Shirty
Boston, MA

We do play *Jesus Lizard*! And wai! we see what Felicity has to say about them!

The Acoustic Connection Music & Cultural Society presents the 2nd Annual

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The Rogue Folk Club



NOUVEAU Station Wagon

(left) featuring J. Knutson

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I scrambled through my brain to try and remember if I had valid ID in my pocket as the nondescript, mustachioed man in blue eyed me.

"Holy shit! I gotta show my boys this." Once again I was stuck in a situation where those of authority were questioning the hardware on my jacket, the ages of several of my peers (thank god I had MY ID) and the smoking habits of a select few people in the bathroom. It was nary 15 minutes before hardcore non-gods Bad Religion hit the stage at the Town Pump, and Vancouver's finest were doing their damndest to reduce the room capacity by 100.

Apparently RCMP all over Canada were forewarned to "send in the troops" to the evil Bad Religion concerts to make sure us explosive caricatures didn't trash the whole country over that Satan-lovin' LA hardcore. As opposed to the 1 of 2 cops that would normally check out the club, we were treated to the presence of six cops all set to radio for the first squad if need be. Frustrated in their attempts to evacuate people from the building, they instead spent the night turning people away from the door who had already paid to get in. Yes, it was a bad night to visit the parking lot. The audience should've stuck around to see opening bands Coffin Break and Mary instead of coming late for Bad Religion.

The behavior of the cops obviously had something to do with a recent riot at a Bad Religion gig in LA. The venue had been filled to capacity by a crowd that had paid 20 bucks each to see the gig, and they were none too happy when the fire marshal waltzed in and pulled the plug. Understandably pissed-off, the crowd started wreaking a little havoc at which time the cops appeared with hoses and stirred things up a notch. But according to the band, the actual riot was comparatively sedate and it took a slow night in the news to blow things out of proportion. As vocalist Greg Graffin put it: "We certainly

didn't incite the riot. How could we? We didn't even get to play."

Aside from banging on cars and some hootin' and hollerin' after the gig in Victoria, there were no visible signs of any rioting in either of B.C.'s major cities.

Perhaps certain controlling elements have a reason to be threatened by the existence of B.R. considering what the band stands for. I asked Greg G. about the somewhat anti-religion tendencies of the group. "Religion is taken broadly to mean any kind of organized belief system. We don't single out anybody, because everyone's guilty of the same things that we talk about. No one in any given group is particularly more guilty than anyone else. That's kind of what we mean by 'Modern Man; you can look at other sectors of society or any culture in the world and they all exhibit similar traits. We tend to single out the bad traits of mankind, not just the bad traits of specific individuals. Religion can exist in many forms—religion of science, religion of money—anywhere where blind beliefs exist. People who judge others as being politically correct or not fall into the same traps as the most judgmental preachers. If there's a prescription in their way of proper behavior, then that's something we'd definitely like to address."

Where do you draw the line between trying to impose your views on people and being self-righteous? "You don't have to tell someone 'Here's the solution.' I think you could probably accomplish more by just pointing out the situation. If everyone had their own ideas on something the world would be a much more interesting place. Instead what you find is people don't have their own ideas, they tend to follow the ideas of their idols, or their peers, or what not."

Bad Religion is limited to touring either during the summer or during breaks in school due to Greg G. spending most

of his time pursuing a PhD in evolutionary biology and teaching undergrad lab courses. Greg Hetson, one of the guitarists for the band, also likely spends much time separate from the band considering he still plays guitar for the Circle Jerks. This makes it even more impressive that the band has been churning out albums in such rapid succession with another one due to appear in the very near future. Their latest album, *Against the Grain*, is an incredible record of high-speed melodic hardcore; possibly their best yet.

Bad Religion live manages to push a satisfying blend of all their material with enough regional banter to inspire a Town Pump-riddle to yell "Fuck the GST" into the mic after the show (good thing the cops were there after all, eh)? In Victoria B.R. played head-to-head to DOA by blending classic BTO cover "Take Care Of Business" and an earlier track off *Butter*. They readily reply to requests, even taking time out to ask the audience what they want to hear.

The White Eagle crowd fostered a "play Voice of God" you fuckheads" shout which was less than reluctantly complied to. In Vancouver, things got to a more personable level when Brett serenaded over one of the audience members who managed to find himself lying down on the stage. At both shows they mentioned regret for not being able to play as long as they wanted to.

The audience was moderately splintered in their reception to band; a few faceless hipsters couldn't even manage a smirk at Rob Skinner's brazen display of playful barefoot potterings during Coffin Break's opening set. It's hard to pinpoint where the negative feedback comes from and guitarist Brett had a few things to say about that. "I don't understand why certain devoted hardcore fans have become disillusioned with us. Our music hasn't changed that much, I mean, it's evolving but we're still playing hardcore. I think our ideas are

expressed more allegorically and eloquently now. They're more provocative and evocative now. I think our entire approach has become more honed, not at all diluted. We don't deserve to be disowned. Reverse prejudice is hating someone because a lot of people like them. People who base their self-image on what kind of music they listen to don't like bands that aren't completely obscure because then they don't feel that they're unique. I don't want the people who supported us all the years and got us where we are not to like us, that's the last thing I want."

Is there any danger of Bad Religion becoming more and more amazed with themselves as people start raving more about the band?

Brett: "I thought I was amazing when I was a junkie with nothing in my apartment but a spoon and a T-shirt. I'm a blatant egomaniac with an inferiority complex and I vacillate between the two. Everyone's really like that to a degree. As far as letting the band go to my head, yeah, I'm sure it could happen. I'm no saint, I'm no Jesus Christ, but the worst thing that could happen from that is that I'd be an asshole to some kid and then I'd feel bad and stop doing it. I'm not going to start exploiting people or raping the earth. I am an asshole, but I try to fight that. That's maybe what gets people into punk rock, that they have a mean streak. It's enjoyable to do the cruel, pointless things sometimes just to prove that you're human and you have freedom. The utmost gesture of freedom is to do something completely pointless. To do something logical that has a point behind it doesn't prove you're free because you're motivated to do it, it's more like a cause and effect situation. Kick that puppy, even if it's cute: that's freedom. Of course it's also totally fucked. Everyone can be an asshole, everyone's self-centered so you have to fight that constantly your whole life."

BAD RELIGION



Bad Religion: Kira Korinth

by the bastardized mind-meld of
Redd McJan and Tom Milne



MEDUSA'S RAFT

by Caroline Longford

Our nation's capital: known throughout Canada, not for her unprecedented contribution to the music scene but rather for her unprecedented ability to act as a magnet to people who fart out the wrong end. But from the spew arose the triumphant Medusa's Raft, on which five brave dudes, like voyagers, floated westward all the way to Vancouver.

How long have you been here?
Toby (sax): We came at different times but we've been playing since June/July.

Where was your first gig in Vancouver?
Don (guitar): Parties.

You won CKCU's Battle of the Bands in Ot-

tawa and you were in Shindig as well: how did that go?
D: It was fun; we had a good time.

At one point you asked for beer donations.
D: That's because a lot of people enjoy drinking with Toby. Drinking with Toby pre-dates Medusa's Raft.

How long have you been Medusa's Raft?
D: About two years.

What led you to your name?
D: I think it was because drinking with Toby had already evolved and "Welcome aboard" was the catch phrase.

What were your influences?
Jason: Andy Gibb, Bay City Rollers,

Donny Osmond and Aqua Man.
Don: The Sex Pistols. The first thing I learned to play on the guitar was "Anarchy in the U.K." and my favorite superhero is Spiderman.

What do you have to say to the youth of today?
Jim (drums): Live long and prosper, buy bonds and eat all your vegetables.



naked raygun •

A staple on the Chicago scene since 1980, Naked Raygun have recently released their fifth album, *Raygun, Naked Raygun*. Tom Milne talked to Bass Thing Pierre Keazy.

What kind of ties do you have with the hardcore scene?
PIERRE: Hardcore is a strange sort of category. We started out being punk rockers and that's what we still are after all these years. We get a lot of different sorts of people coming to our shows, some of them are hardcore. I don't like to classify the band into one particular category. Chicago's a strange place anyway, there's never been a really cohesive scene. There's never been a lot of press here, or record companies or anything like that. People just go and see the bands they like without categorizing.

Have you toured outside the US?

P: Yeah, we went to Europe a couple of times. Response was not bad, pretty similar to what we get here. I think we're a little too European sounding for the Europeans. A band comes over from the US and they want you to go up on stage with cowboy boots and all that, but some people appreciated us. We had some really big shows in London and Berlin.

Any really memorable gigs?

P: Both times we played in London we played at a School of African and Oriental studies in a big hall there. The first times we were there, Charlie Harper from the UK Subs showed up and we got him to come on stage and do an old Subs song. The second time, Steve Diggle from the Buzzcocks showed up and so we had him come up and play as well. People really got on our case for that, they seem to think these guys are way past their prime. London and Europe are so fickle. A band can be big one week and old hat the next. We got mixed reviews from the press but the crowd was there and I guess that's what counts.

How do you feel about the latest record *Raygun, Naked Raygun*?

P: Really happy about the songwriting. I think every song is strong which is more than I could say about the previous two records. A few of the songs were particularly badly mixed on this record, I wish I could go back and remix them. This album completes our three album contract with Caroline records but we're still writing new stuff anyway. Even if no one in the world wanted to sign Naked Raygun we'd put the record out ourselves anyway. That's the way we feel, we just like doing what we do.

Was your vocalist originally in Big Black?

P: People have this idea that Big Black was before Naked Raygun or something which is not true. Naked Raygun started in 1980 and Steve Albini wasn't really even living in Chicago until '83 or something. Big Black just got big sort of fast and they got out and started touring around the country before Naked Raygun did. At that point Santiago was the original guitar player for Naked Raygun and he quit and started playing with Steve and Big Black. They needed a bass player to go on tour so they got Jeff (from Naked Raygun) to play bass on tour. He just played with them a few times, he wasn't really part of the band or anything.

Are any band members of draft age?

P: Bill Stevens, the newest addition to the band, was born in '66 which makes him about 24 so he's the youngest. I'm the next youngest, I'm 28. In the U.S. you can get drafted up until you're 25 but we all know that if war broke out and they needed more people they'd draft whoever they wanted anyway. I think you'd be surprised to know that a lot of young people support the military presence in the Middle East whereas it's a lot of the older people that don't think we should be there. I was pretty surprised to hear that; I thought it'd be the other way around.

When are you going to play in Canada?

P: We're supposed to go out west in February. We just finished playing the East coast and we haven't played the West coast for a long time. I'm sure it'll probably include Vancouver. It did the last time we toured west anyway.

Naked Raygun: Marc Harris



FL

text by june

Front Line Assembly have been on the leading edge of industrial/techno since their inception in 1986 after Bill Leeb (a/k/a Wilhelm Schroeder) left Skinny Puppy. With the departure of Michael Balch, Bill is now joined by long-time collaborator Rhys Fulber. *Disorder* talked with them a while back when they dropped into CTR.

What's been happening with FLA?

B: We've just finished a new LP called *Cautious Grip* and three singles are being released off that: "Icedate," which came out last summer, "Provision" which has just come out now, same with the LP, and then we have a third single coming out in January called "Virus" as well. We're also getting ready to do our second North American tour which is going to start in January.

So when are you playing Vancouver?

B: If we play it'll be at the end of our tour. It's up in the air; we'll see.

Have you played Vancouver before?

R: Never.

I was talking to someone about interviewing FLA and he was surprised to find out you're from Vancouver.

R: That has a lot to do with not having a Canadian deal...
B: But I think a lot of people think we're from Europe, which I am anyway originally. It's strange a lot of people don't realize we are from Vancouver. But that's okay; I like walking down the street and nobody knows me!

Is there an electronic "scene" in Vancouver?

B: I don't know what you call a scene. I think it's just like anything, there's good bands that get supported and the ones that aren't, don't. If a good band rolls into town, people will go see them as long as they like what they do. I don't think there's any one type, except rock n' roll, that's really prevalent in Vancouver.

R: There's too many musicians and not enough audience.

B: Also, I think Vancouver has more critics per pound than anywhere else in Canada. It's really amazing... When we played Montreal we sold the place out and it's just amazing how many kids there was. I remember from the Puppy days people were so critical, they'd just stand and analyze everything and yet none of them have done anything any better or anything at all except go to the Town Dump and have three beers and then go home and that's their equilibrium of a week of having done something. I never understand that here.

R: Is this hip? Are we supposed to like this?

B: Nobody can ever let go here... In the States people just lose it; they come onstage, they jump off, they go crazy. That's so rare here, maybe it [happened] for the odd punk band or speed metal band. Most of the time it's so reserved here; it's like Robson Street, people are really laid back... I gather from talking to people [at local record stores] there's a definite following, but Vancouver's never been a hotbed for [industrial/techno music]. Even Puppy, playing some other place they draw 3-4000 people, but in Vancouver 5-600

calling masataka by gav

Combine two twenty young Jiggle hosts, one Nazi music director, a really old long distance operator and a confused girl in Kyoto, Japan in a quest to talk to Masataka, the fiendish dictator behind the deluge of recent Japanese hardcore flexis invading Vancouver and this is what you get:

CTR: There's a ring, there's a ring!
JAPAN: Hei.
OPERATOR: This is Canada, C-I-T-R Radio calling collect.
C: For Masataka.

Extremely long pause.
C: Hello?
J: Hello?
C: Hi.
C: Do you speak English?
C: Yes.
C: I know you do sir. I'm talking to the lady.
C: Masataka isn't here right now.
C: Operator, could I leave a message there for Masataka?
C: Yup.
C: This is CTR.
J: Masataka isn't here right now.
C: Could I, could you—
C: I don't think she understands English that well sir.
C: Okay, all right, I'll try later.
O: When would Mr. Masataka return? One hour, two hour?
J: (sounding pizazz) Masataka isn't here right now.
O: When will he be there?
J: Please try to call again.
C: Okay, thanks; adios Japan.

showhded

by tom milne

Showhded is going to be the next West Coast phenomenon. Maybe not for a while yet, but talking to Scott (guitar, vocals), Chris (bass) and Ken (drums), I couldn't help thinking that this is a band to keep an eye on.

What involvement do you have with recording other Victoria underground bands?

S: I've been involved with recording of bands for about eight or nine years now. I helped the NEOs record stuff when they were still around.

C: Scott is essentially the figurehead of an arts cooperative in Victoria called Incentive.

S: It's like a label except that any money that is made from selling the various bands' tapes goes directly to the bands. I don't make any money, I use the label more as a networking system to distribute music from some of the more underground bands around.

The Victoria music scene is really heating up. What are some bands worth checking out?

S: Perhaps Showhded. Shutdown, Section 46 are both really hot, rockin' hardcore bands that have released tapes on Incentive. There's Silent Party who sound like U2 with a female singer. Vox Populi who sound like REM with brains; and Stickfame and S.A.M. which is me and Murray [Acton] doing some industrial dance stuff.

C: And Pigment Vehicle.

S: Pigment Vehicle are a band that are going to absolutely blow everybody's heads off when they finally get their live act together.

What plans do you have for releasing a recording?

C: We have a demo tape which came out about a year ago and we've recorded a 20 song LP with John Wright [of NoMeansNo]. That should be out by January if we cross our fingers.

S: Right now, Incentive is trying to get a coalition together that perhaps will include the Dayglo and NoMeansNo and it will service only Canada with vinyl, CDs and cassettes from some of the better underground Victoria bands.

Any final comments?

S: I would like to take this moment to announce the fact that the Show Business Giants [featuring a goof from Showhded and a jerk from NoMeansNo] will be the next REM. They are also the only band in recorded history to play a song that was originally performed on Star Trek.

A

is a good night.

R: Originally they were really hip and then for some reason—
B:—they got backstabbed. There's a big backlash... Most cool bands don't come to Vancouver, that I consider cool. It's too far out of the way and it's not worth it for what they pay in guarantees and usually you can't draw that well here, unless it's your average rock n' roll band, then everybody goes; or if it's the Pixies or something, then everyone runs to the Commodore... Seattle's the same way, too. L.A.'s as far as they go, San Francisco and then it's back... Another reason why we don't play here [in] because I don't know if we have anything to prove; I don't really care. I don't feel I have to prove anything to people that don't want to change or just want to have their four beers and go bang their heads together for an hour or two to a four bar guitar band. That's OK... They're not ready for us, we're not ready for them.

Front Line Assembly: Third Mind

I know your solo work is really well acclaimed, but do some people still give you a hard time, displaced with your musical direction changing, challenging their ideas?

Oh yeah; some media people are, especially out in Los Angeles. They saw X as a real groundbreaking, innovative band and they loved our music... but if I sounded like X, I would no longer be so innovative would I; I'd be imitating something I'd done and I'd be pathetic. So the thing to do is to just not worry about the direction and if people approve of it or not. It's an outrageous concept that someone you've never met or even someone you know can disapprove or approve of a direction you've decided to take artistically... we do what we have to do.

Has the suggestion been by some industry people that your work needs to be validated by affiliation with the rest of X or with John? There is some form of sexism going on 'cause I know the Los Angeles Times, which was always lavish in its praise of X and especially focused on me it seems. I guess they thought that was a better angle or something, didn't do a Sunday review or interview about my last album [Old Wives Tale] and didn't review or do an interview or article about this album [Running Sacred] and yet when John's record came out they did a whole feature and review...

It's not like I'm quarrelling with John; I'm glad he got what he got, I think he should, he deserves it. But the thing is, what's the difference?... I'm on an independent label and I'm a woman. What else is the difference between me and John? It's gotta be those two things or a combination. But if you say that to people they think you've got a problem; you're seeing things that don't exist; people aren't prejudiced against women; they liked his record they didn't like yours... But I still say it and I don't care. I've seen that in interviews; I've said things like that and then the editor would put in "Oh, sounds like sour grapes to me. Exene, No, I'm makin' a point; I'm using myself to make a point but I could just as well be using someone else's. I'm pretty objective about myself to some degree... I can see things happening to me as universal things that happen to a lot of people."

What about outside influences affecting your work; things like creating under pressure against a deadline or the possibility of censorship?

The pressures I think are... complete artistic freedom: there's no guidelines. I don't want to limit myself and I'm afraid if I only compose on guitar I'll be limited to a certain chord style. I've been training myself on keyboard now

exene talks to jennifer

by Jennifer Menard



Exene Cervenka: Rhyno

and learning music theory. That's my only thing; I don't have a problem with censorship. My records aren't going to get warning stickers because I don't use all the kind of stuff that gets it; I don't use that kind of language and sexist and racist stuff.

Subversive content with clean language; that's OK?

But see, subversion isn't what they're censoring; they're censoring the superficial aspects of bands; it's all ridiculous.

Do performers have responsibilities as role models or in communicating certain messages?

It depends on how you see it. Duke [McVinnie, bass player] was saying this to me before: "You're an artist; your responsibility is to your art. If you wanna come off stage and get in a cab and leave and not speak to anybody and not do interviews after the show and just be like that, that's within your rights. Your responsibility is to be an artist." And as an

individual I gotta interpret what being an artist means and it goes past that to me to communicate ideas; but it's true, your responsibility is to yourself and if that means you gotta go out and be an activist too that's one thing.

Speaking of activism, what about the PETA compilation you sang a Phil Ochs song on?

They just asked me to do it. PETA is a really good group of people and I don't agree with every single thing that they believe in which is OK; which is good. I think some people think "I'm not a vegetarian and I wear leather shoes so I can't be involved in animal rights" but that's ridiculous; all you have to do is maybe stop eating at McDonald's... Y'know, the whole animal testing for cosmetics and stuff, they've really almost single-handedly ended that; Avon and all these companies that used to do that don't do it anymore. And that was hard work; it's all volunteer work so I help them out as much as I can, for whatever it's worth.

So you believe in confronting the wrongs of the world through your art? Well I can't tript the wrongs of the world... I guess there's a way of gauging your success or failure about that stuff. You just do it because it's what you believe in and if three people hear it then three people hear it and if a million people hear it then a million people hear it! How can you ever try to even have hopes with art... You just try to keep that out of your mind while you're creating.

What?!! A fan of Slayer's for over five years has to wait for... for... UTV!! Who called them anyway? Is there no respect for the print media!! So there I was, sitting in the Forum's stands, waiting and reflecting on how Slayer's newest and best-selling release *Seasons in the Abyss* has finally given the boys the chance to headline in Vancouver. Finally, I got the nod to enter the dressing room, finding a table almost as full of food as Tom Araya's mouth was.

slayer

BY BRADEN ZRNO

What's the band's philosophy?

We don't follow any philosophy. We just do it. We get together, we write, we just do it. Slayer is a dark cloud that hangs over everyone, and that's the idea. We try to go to the extreme in lyric content, at least I try to. I don't try to make it very obvious. I'm not as gross as I used to be; I'm trying to be a little more thought-provoking.

Seasons in the Abyss was given a warning sticker because of the lyrics. Do you think it's justified? Does this affect how Slayer approaches writing material?

I don't care (laughs). That's the attitude we have... Fuck 'em. It's funny, y'know; this album, by comparison, is the tamest one we've done, yet it got a warning label. So that's why I've got this on. (*He opens his leather biker jacket to reveal a message done in the format of warning labels: Paranoid Stupid Lame Old Fucks.*)

How did you ever find out about "The Original Psycho" Ed Gein, and what led you to write a song about him?

Somebody had the book, they showed me these pictures of bodies hanging upside down, cut open, it was like WHOA! Who is this guy Ed Gein? So I went out, bought the book and read it.

Because so much of your music explores darker sides of reality, there's a certain mystique that, I think, is fundamental to Slayer's identity. How do you think this mystique reflects on your fans, and is it a conscious effort?

I don't know... That IS how the fans view us; I don't think we've really asked for that. We sort of presented ourselves that way and it seems to have stuck. When we first presented ourselves, that's what we wanted but now we're just ourselves and we don't change for anyone... I feel very uncomfortable when people judge me before they even know me. But I don't care; I know who I am.

How would you compare and contrast *Seasons in the Abyss* with *South of Heaven*?

It's got the balls *South of Heaven* didn't have. That's it. *South of Heaven* was a great album,

but this one's got the energy *South of Heaven* lacked. It lacked aggressiveness; it lacked the energy. Even though the songs were strong and heavy, these have more of a bite to them.

Is everyone's input equal in the studio? Yeah, everybody just gives their opinion and if the writer wants to hear it, he'll hear it, but if not... "Fuck you, it's my song!" (laughs)

Do you guys record live in the studio, or do you jam the song out and do it track by track?

We jam it up live and get [drummer] Dave's tracks down. Then we come in and do dubs.

How's the tour going?

Well, this is the first date on this tour. We did a European tour for "A Clash of Titans," then we went to Japan, and now we're here so we've been off and on for about two months.

Do you see any up and coming bands joining the ranks of Slayer, Metallica, Anthrax and Megadeth?

Yeah, I mean, everybody's got the chance. There's a lot of good bands out there... We'll



leave it at that (laughs).

dous: they do damage just to do damage.

Do you guys draw musical influence from anybody in particular?

I don't listen to music so I don't take my influences from anyone. Same with the other guys; they don't listen to metal... [guitarist] Jeff listens to rap, plays Nintendo, builds his war models. Same with me. I read and I do a lot of video stuff so I'm either working with my songs or songs I like and putting images to it.

Will Slayer fans be seeing any of these images in the next few videos?

No, it's personal stuff.

In Vancouver, Slayer's music attracts skaters, headbangers and skinheads. Have there been problems at past Slayer shows where such groups have converged?

(grinning) I guess so. It depends where you're at. In certain cities, kids are more violent than others. You hit the mid-west and it's not at bad, but when you get out to the coastal cities, LA and New York... they're horren-

Is Slayer working on new material right now?

No. We don't write on the road. We just work on the songs we do. To me, if you start writing on the road and you're playing older songs consistently every night, your "new" stuff is gonna sound like the stuff you're doing already. And you don't want your stuff to sound similar all the time. It's great if people can write on the road, but to me, I think being on the road is a major influence on what you write. So we wait till we get home. I work on ideas for lyrics, Jeff works on some music and we'll get together and fuck with them until they sound the way we want.

Is the rumour true that last tour or so, Kerry King walked into your tour manager's room at 4:00 AM to show him a booger?

Probably.
You guys must get pretty crazy.
Naw, just stupid.

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THE ALMIGHTY powers of *Dis-corder* recruited me for an interview. Although I had never heard of Kinghorse, the point of view held by a metal band from Kentucky intrigued me. What transpired is difficult to record on paper, but hopefully the high intelligence level of the average *Dis-corder* reader will make up for my shortcomings in capturing vocal semantics. Their debut self-titled album marks the first opportunity for Kinghorse to get out of the Louisville music scene and spread their message to the masses.

Where did the name Kinghorse come from?

Well, I think I saw inspiration in the name of a song, an Elvis Costello song. Just the whole image of relentless throughout the song. But also, there's a definite dichotomy out of the relentless. There's a line that says "Now I know you are kinghorses/You're all tenderness and brute force." I thought that was pretty interesting, y'know, if you can't see the issue both ways, you're fucked up. This name has stuck with me since the break-up of my last band. I think that the band I was in would be named Kinghorse.

Is there much of a metal scene in Kentucky?

Well, there's no such thing as a metal scene here. There's no hardcore scene. There's no anything. In our city there's forty bands that play all original music of every conceivable style you can think of and all these bands play together and it's one unified thing. Kinghorse has played with rap acts, metal acts, every kind of conceivable label that you could give a band. We've brought them on our bills. At this point, we fill every venue in the city no matter what size it is.... The point is, we're really reluctant to move around in any circles other than our own. We're all pretty much homebodies. I mean, now that the album has been released, we're being forced to participate on "Music Society." But, we've fought it tooth and nail as long as we can, and now it's time to take the message to the street because now that people have the album and they know what the band's about, we know there are people out there who want to see us and not just playing in another town where no one knows who you are and you're just the opening act and people are just like, "Yeah, hurry up I can see the headlining band."

Does the environment in Louisville plays a big role in Kinghorse's sound? I don't think it plays any sort of an influence at all, I mean, two of us are from rural areas: no running water, no electricity. I mean, I was listening to punk rock and metal ever since I got a record player. As far as Louisville's attitude, that shaped the philosophy of the band, but there's nothing about where we're from that shaped our sound.

Is there any one band that was a prominent influence?

Well, each guy is into totally different things. Our guitar player likes the Stooges, early Sabbath, Minor Threat, early hardcore, 70's punk. Our bass player likes punk rock. That's all he listens to... and Madonna, that's it.... Oh, and jazz.... The only thing I know our drummer listens to is Rush. He went through a year of listening to Spanish toilet too. Me, I'm primarily into Elvis Costello, Birthday Party, Hank Williams, Sabbath.

I noticed Glen Danzig produced some of your album. How did you get him to help out?

Well, I've known him for years.... I'm just a little hardcore nerd, y'know, so I was into the Misfits in '82. I was in a band called Maurice. It was King Crimson meets... Metallica. That was when I was 16, 17, and the band toured with [Danzig's] second band,

KINGHORSE

BY BRADEN ZRNO

Samhain. He tried to get me to join the Four Horsemen or something. Once I called him "cause I hadn't talked to him in two years and he said "This's this band, the Four Horsemen; you're going to come up here and try out" and I was like "No-I've got my own band" and he said, "Well, send me a tape." And we wanted to be on Plan 9, his label. He said O.K. and I said "You're gonna produce it." He said, "OK" and then he didn't have time to so we sent Caroline the tape and a whole bunch of different journalists who were in Caroline's office were picking up the cassette, saying, "Hey, these guys rule, are you going to sign them?" Caroline signed us after a long period of beating the idea around.

Really?

Oh yeah, it's like our demo is terrible, or original demo, it's just terrible. Production wise. And I was very ill. For some reason I always get the flu around the time we record.

far the Peppers go, three of the four guys in this band despise that band. We hate them. The bass player likes them. Now, like, he's really into Flea, not really heavy into him but, y'know, if you're gonna have a bass god, why not Flea, right? I mean, he's good. But the rest of us despise that band. I have no idea how some of those funky rhythms got in there, like, the drum rhythms? We get compared to the Birthday Party a lot because of that and other strange, demented sorts of music. I mean, if that's what you hear, that's fine, but I don't see it. It just kinda blows my mind. If you hear it, that's what you're hearing, y'know. I just have no idea where the fuck that would come from 'coz we hate fuck. Kinghorse hates fuck. Man, I can't tell you how much I hate it. The whole movement that it's spawning right now like, that band "Mind Funk," I heard they've got like a "Funky Edge" to them. Like what total crap. They were together two months when they got signed.... They're the total cute boy,

you guys had any problems resulting from being on any one record?

The problem with "Caged" is just like the problem with the fuckin' Spin review we just got. Another line in "Caged" says, um, "Motherfucker, open this cage, maybe I'll leave this place in one piece." Well, they're not.... "I'll leave this bitch in one piece." "I'll like you better on your knees" has nothing to do with the line before it and yet people think that I'm talking some sort of subservient mumbo-jumbo. It's simply a matter of caged man, like, locked up, like strapped down, like in the mat-house, like in the cage, like, hey bitch open this thing. And the song turns around and says "I like you better on your knees" 'coz that's what the fuckin' system wants; what the people out there on the street want they want me on my knees, they want me to fuckin' shut up and obey the rules that's why they would put me in prison, that's why they would put me in prison if I got out of line.... The concept



Kinghorse: Wes Allison - This shot was taken outside of Sharon Tate's (see Charlie Manson and Helter Skelter). Ooooooh weasel

Like, for the first demo, I was sick to the point of, like, not being able to speak.... Anyway, I think we were signed based on just rumor about how fucked up we are. And how we run the band more like a political organization.

How did your album benefit from Danzig's help?

I think a lot of people picked it up who would have been skeptical. I'm not sure what percentage of people are going to pick it up just because he produced it, but if people pick it up just because he produced it then, y'know, they're suckers. The whole point is, we're from Kentucky, nobody knows who we are. We need everything we can get to just get people to listen to us. If they just listen to the record, it will do its work. The message will reach them.... I mean, it sticks in your craw. The whole point is that we needed people to help legitimize us in a world that we're trying to systematically destroy.

Although you guys do have an original style, I hear a bit of a Red Hot Chili Pepper sound with a harder, more metal edge to the music. I have no idea what you're talking about. As

total little cutie pies and it's like "Here it is the ex-hardcore guys who now have long hair, playing in a Red Hot Chili Peppers/Prinny Rip-off band." Y'know, like, fuck my asshole. I don't fuckin' give a fuck. Prinny are label-mates of ours, y'know, but when I read that thing in Spin when they were like "hardcore sucks" y'know, like, fucky Collins man, get a clue.

Are you guys currently on tour?

Nope. I'm sitting in my living room. I'm not gonna do anything. I've got fuckin' housework to do tomorrow. There's a weird smell in the apartment, we don't know what it is. Well, see, the girl I live with, I picked her up and she gets in the truck and she says, "What's that smell?" I'm just like, "Look, what the fuck, it ain't me." It's this weird smell, it's in the truck, it's in the apartment, it's not anywhere else, it's a real animal smell. Like, I don't know, maybe there's a possum living here, y'know, I don't know.

I was listening to your song "Caged" and I noticed the two lines "C'mon bitch, gimme the keys, I like you better when you're on your knees." Have

is abstract: "bitch" just means the matron at the nuthouse. It's at the system that's trying to quiet down people whose minds never rest.

I mean, that's what the whole holy war is about; we're not gonna compromise what we wanna say, y'know. Everyone should know this is a fuckin' re-birth movement, y'know. This is a revolution of the soul and emotion and passion needs to be brought back to music because we are sick of hearing the goddamn same impersonal topics that it running through music on all levels and it's got to come back down to problems people have like being alienated. I mean you've got to be some kind of a misfit to pick up our record and I'm not going to sing songs to them about how wonderful it is to be in league with the devil or to worry about the greenhouse effect, what's that got to do with real life? It doesn't. These kids have to go to school with people that hate them. They come home sometimes to families who hate them, they walk the street and the people on the street hate them, y'know, and there's no explanation for it. Our record is a document on the strength that you can find in yourself to survive all that and rise above it and accept what you are. There's a lot more to

this than, y'know, "Where's the volume knob?"

A band so filled with passion must have some goals in mind.

Well, yeah, sure. We have a solution planned out. We have definite enemies we are out to get. I mean, there is a whole system out there we are throwing a wrench even as we speak, know what I'm sayin' I mean, I'm sending little scorpions out to do jobs even when I'm asleep, y'know, it never stops. The roads are sewn and the insects are all over they're everywhere. They're worked into the system and you can't stop it now.... it can't be stopped.

So, is there any sort of philosophy you guys follow in a structured sort of way?

No, no. It's not as if we have a party policy written out. It's just trying to be as honest as possible. It's like, some of us aren't really all together well in the upstairs department. But, y'know, this is how it is and people can either take it or leave it. I mean, when they get the record they know we're getting one hundred percent documentation of the personalities who are in the band. I think there's a lot of those words in the songs that people need to hear. Like, kids who are alienated and feel like they're from Mars need to hear it. Instead of, like.... "Bullshit flying, flesh being split," y'know, fuckin' "T.V. evangelists are bad." What's that got to do with some twelve-year old kid with zits on his face whose got long, greasy hair and all the girls make fun of him. Telling a kid that innocence is not gone even though he's bombarded everyday with the media and with, y'know what I'm saying the whole world is telling him his innocence is gone and he's got to get with the program. Well, we're telling him that's complete bullshit and he's been lied to and for him to set fire to the nearest building.

Don't you think that will create a stagnant subject matter in relation to songwriting? I mean, some bands grow to write about different subjects only after making an x-number of releases.

Well, I can't see us making more than four records.... I am like I say, y'know what I'm sayin'? There's no conceivable way that I can ever shake what's wrong with me. It's not like everything's gonna be alright and suddenly I'm gonna be writing songs about.... well, you name it, y'know. I mean, the newest batch of songs are pretty different.

How?

Well, there's just a couple of them that are a lot more abstract, y'know?

Do you think the abstract nature of those songs makes your message a little more difficult to get across to the listener?

Well, that's his problem. He needs to think. I mean, I don't know; I've been thinking about that, and your last question has been I've asked myself for the first time in a long time and I think there's a lot more stuff that we could say, or that we want to say. I mean, the whole point is that each individual song doesn't reflect the philosophy of the band. Like, "Brother Doubt" isn't anything like "Razor," y'know what I'm saying? Each song has its own statement. The record as a whole has a goal, but each song has a different look on life. If you ask individual questions on each song, then we'll give individual answers, but if you ask general questions, you get the general perspective of the band. But I can't see us making more than four records.

What after that? Join with Danzig?

What would do? I'm a singer, I don't know anything about music.

the cruel elephant

OK OK lives up to its inquisitive persona of the arts... find a quick summary of all the good stuff we've got. The coolest bands from around the world... the cover charge is always as cheap as possible... The food is damn fine and very reasonably priced... You still get two (2) dollars off any menu item over a four-dollar bill with your paid admission or one of our world famous mystery meals, still always vegetarian... Constantly improving sound quality (as if we need to)... Surprise big name shows... Wacky special event shows, party too, really even... Art on the walls of Vancouver artists' work that changes whenever it does.

Fri Feb 1 (power funksters) GORILLA GORILLA w/ (the new improved) BOMBHELLS
Sat 2 (more fun than necessary) CHRIS HOUSTON & HIS EVIL TWANG w/ HERALD NIX
Wed 4 SPOONDIVY w/ WAY
Thurs 7 (the Vancouver sound LUNG w/ OCTATRAXTER
Fri 8 (Victorian rock) DINOR HOUSE w/ SOUL CHARGES
Sat 9 From Victoria, (the infamous) 64 FUNNYCARS w/ THE SWEATERS (formerly The Wastells and featuring Foley)
Sun 10 First order briefing... DREAMS on Side, Subculture and sonarchy... a three and a half hour performance starting at 8:30 written and performed by Paul Dolden and Andrew Cank.
Wed 13 Expanding the boundaries of rock'n roll part III "Jazz revisited" w/ VIDEO
R&G, JASON VON FOXER and THE TAYLOR CAME EXPOSITION
Thurs 14 From Seattle, (Green Monkey Recording Artists) SLAM SUZANNE w/ (Metal Blade Recording Artists) BITTER END
Fri 15 (3 Minute Mile Recording Artists) DIRT w/ SUGGO
Sat 16 (funk your face off with Portland's finest) SWEATY NIPPLES
Sun 17 (from Halifax since '85 on Poliholic Romantic Records distributed by Lone Wolf Records) JELLY FISH BABIES
Wed 20 NOBODY IN PARTICULAR
Thurs 21 UK DIRT w/ CHARLES ON CHARGES
Fri 22 & Sat 23 (for real this time, Sub Pop gods) SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS w/ THE TOUCHDOWN'S
Sun 24 none of your business
Wed 27 (well worth your while) JACK FEELS FINE w/ A FINE PICKLE
Feb 28 - March 2 (in association with all the lush about music and awards and stuff, a special showcase of (good) bands of a past venue, 3 nights of Vancouver's best and one night of Victoria's best music)
Thurs 28 LUNG, THE WONGS, and A CARTOON SWEAR
Fri 1 MARY, GORILLA GORILLA and WINDWALKER
Sat 2 - the Victoria only SHOWED, SHOW BUSINESS GAMES w/ PIGMENT VEHICLE

Any questions or complaints? Phone (604) 688-8748 or fax (604) 688-8235 or 1176 Granville St, Vancouver, BC, V6Z 1A4. If you mail stuff, if I mail stuff back. If we don't have a band, we've got cheaper stuff to sell. The Cruel Elephant loves you no matter how stupid you are.

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Lush are

a new band out of London, England fronted by two women, Miki Berenyi and Emma Anderson on guitars and vocals, with Steve Rippon and Chris Acland on bass and drums respectively. When Lush were over in Toronto in November, *Disorder* talked to Steve and Chris of the band via telephone. As both of them have very similar North London accents, and as the questions were to either of them, I could not tell them apart on the interview tape, so their answers will be attributed to a generic "Lush."

DISORDER: Is this your first time over here?

LUSH: First time in Canada yeah. I like it here, after walking around Toronto for a couple of hours.

All the reviews that I've read describe your music as "shimmery, waves of guitar, ethereal, dreamy". Are you happy with those types of descriptions?

I don't know. It's difficult to describe music isn't it? There's a lot of hyperbole: the "ethereal" thing gets blown away when you see us live. There's no blueprint to the songs, I mean we don't set out to write an ethereal or a spooky song; everything just happens. We're actually a hard-rockin' ass-kickin' band, we just don't want people to know that until they come and see us. We get people to say that we're wistful and we sing about bunny-rabbits.

You're bound to get compared with The Cockettes Twins, especially being on 4AD. Does that piss you off? Not really. I don't mind being compared to bands really. Being compared to the Cockettes Twins is quite an obvious one especially 'cause Robin [Guthrie] produced us. I've just read something that says that Miki's voice is like Liz Cockette's, which it's not really: Liz can sing! (laughs) No, that's not being bitchy but Liz could easily do what Miki does with us, but Miki couldn't do what Liz does in a million years. It's alright when they say there's elements of The Cockettes in their sound, but if someone said we were just a rip-off of the Cockettes Twins I don't think it would be fair really. We don't say "let's write a song like the Cockettes Twins" or anything.

It just comes out that way. Oyl

No, I didn't mean that. But Miki does seem to be slurring the vocals more now, making the words harder to distinguish.

It's 'cause the lyrics are so bad. Miki's been drinking a lot as well. No, we have talked about this; the voice is important but as another sound on top of what's already going on. The lyrics are important, they're not chucked out in five minutes: they're chucked out in three! (laughs). It's good to make your own mind about the lyrics and what you think it says.

So are you going to do a U2 and go to the States, start wearing stonies and stuff?

Well, when I was in LA for ten days I really got into all these dodgy bands like Guns 'n Roses and stuff. I started saying "bad" meaning "good" too.

Melody Maker reckon that you are going to be "enormous". Is this what you want?

Well, Chris is putting on a bit of weight, but I wouldn't say he's enormous yet. When you're all caught up in it you don't notice the changes much. I don't really want to be mega. It'd be nice to be a band that were able to just keep going and do exactly what they wanted all the time without worrying about how many records they sell. It'd be horrible to be working under pressure.

It's a pretty good career?

It is, 'cause I can't do anything else!

You're being getting amazing press in the UK. Are you bracing for the usual backlash?

We're wary of it. We're wary of the good press; it's nice but I'm always expecting the next single to get a slagging. Don't believe the hype, really. It's just the English music press. They're the worst. Manchester's really trendy at the moment and therefore everyone's getting into it and some bands like House of Love suffer 'cause they're not like that.

Are you under any pressure at the moment?

Not really. Obviously at some time over the next year we've got to bring an album out and we've only got three

and a half songs towards it so far, so we've got to come up with some new stuff. That's a bit of pressure, but we don't worry about whether we're going to be the next big thing or not.

4AD is a pretty good label. Do they give you plenty of time and space? I think they do, yeah. It's not like a major record label. We were rehearsing and the band next door, a heavy metal band, were told by their record company that they had to write a ballad, and they had to write it in an afternoon! We don't get two (2AD Boss) coming down and saying "We want a mysterious, spooky number by five p.m." or "You're not as ethereal as you used to be; we want more ethereal tracks". I think that they realize that we're not the most prolific band in the world, and the more time we get the better.

Do the two women in the band find that they're under pressure to be sex symbols?

I don't think so. Women in music always get that kind of thing and the pressure comes from trying to avoid being seen as sex symbols. At gigs there's a lot of "get ya tits out" which is a bit embarrassing but Emma and Miki can handle it. It spoils things in a way but you just turn round and tell them to fuck off. A lot of the music press use women to sell the paper. I don't think they're gonna start coming on stage in stockings and suspenders, but me and Steve might.

So many of the writers in the music press write "dirty old man" style reviews of your stuff using words like "succulent," "sultry," "seductive innocence" and so on.

Oh fuck yeah. I think a lot of the music press are perverts. A lot of photographers are as well.

Are you referring to that thing you did for NME, those cross-arm topless body paint shots?

Yeah, I mean I thought that was funny 'cause me and Chris did it well. But I hate people that use people, and music journalists tend to adopt a band and feel that they're really in with you and you owe them something and you should hang out with them, but its bollocks you know, and they're a bunch of perverts, so who wants to hang about with perverts?

by
laurent aerts and greg garlick

Get girls, guitars and grunge together and something pretty fast and frightening happens. *Discorder* discovered this when it talked to Suzy Gardner (guitar/vocals), Donita Sparks (guitar/vocals), Dee Plaskas (drums) and Jennifer Finch (bass/vocals) one snowy night.

How long have you lived in LA? Were you part of the scene there back in the early '80s? Were you influenced by it?
DONITA: We are influenced by that... I moved to LA in '83 [from Chicago]. Dee moved to LA in '85 [from Chicago]. Jennifer grew up in LA and Suzie is from Sacramento. So Jennifer was like a little teeny bopper eighth grader when the scene was going really strong.

But you all converged on LA to pursue your musical aspirations.
D: Yes, and to surf.

Didn't you go surfing with Fugazi?
D: Yes. Fugazi and Beat Happening.

And you can actually surf?
D: No comment. I'm trying... It's like a ugly sight, I got wiped out all the time.

So you guys reside in Hollywood?
D: No, that's where our P.O. Box was... I live in Echo Park, Suzie lives in Silver Lake, Dee lives in Venice, Jennifer lives over on the west side.

Have you ever met Penelope Spheeris?
SUZIE: I auditioned for *Suburbia* but I was too old.

Are you friends with the Pandoras?
D: We rehearse at the same practice space as they do.
D: Did you know the Pandoras broke up?

I thought it was Dickless that broke up.
D: Dickless broke up, STP broke up, Pandoras broke up.

What is Paula Pierce going to do now?
S: She's trying to get a new band together. Her old bandmates have something going. The drummer is now in this band called Harley Dangerous and Melanie and Kim have another band going.

In LA there's a lot of pay to play?
D: We don't involve ourselves in that; that's true for a lot of people.
S: The underground clubs don't make you pay to play, it's the Strip clubs... Sunset Strip clubs [like] Gazzari's but we never have to pay to play. We make money at the Roxy, we make money at the Whisky, but if you're a cheesy heavy metal band you probably have to pay to play.

What made you want to come up to Canada in the dead of winter?
D: Well, it's not usually snowy like this, is it? We figured it would be clear roads, a little nippy outside.
S: Basically it all comes down to one thing: we're here to take our music to the people, if we get to do a little eating and shopping along the way that's great; if we get laid then it's the cherry on the whipped cream.

Have you ever toured outside the continental U.S. or Canada?
D: We just got back from Europe in November. We were there for six weeks; we did all the sausage eating countries.
S: We played with Teenage Fan Club from Scotland and we love them a lot.

Did you get favorable reviews?
D: Yeah, our live shows get great reviews and our EP's getting good reviews.

Is the EP on Glitterhouse in Europe?
DEE: Yes and it's going beyond everything we hoped or dreamed...

Did you play France?
D: No, we played the sausage eating countries: Germany, Belgium,

Holland, Switzerland and England.

Did G.I.s come to see you when you played Germany?
JENNIFER: No it was mostly politically correct young Germans males and females, a lot of feminists, a lot of cool guys, cool girls.

Any plans to tour backing up a big band?
D: Well, yeah, we'd like to do that. We toured with Nirvana in England which is a good opportunity. We could get drunk and rock out to them. It's weird being a headliner band because you usually get there late or you're concentrating, changing strings while the opening band are playing. I don't like to get drunk before we play so it's good to be an opener because you can like party after the show and watch the next band and have fun but when you're a headliner you get a little more pressure and have to be in control of what you're doing.

Do you know Mudhoney?
D: No, not really. I did the bump with bass player Matt OK, so our hips have touched. Not frontal to frontal but side to side.

Do you know Poison Idea from Portland?
D: We like those guys. They come to see us whenever we play in Portland.

And you go see them when they play?
D: I've never seen them; I think we've always been on the road when they've been in town. Same thing with the Cosmic Psychos from Australia. They're one of our favorite bands but we just never got the chance to see them for some reason.

Are you hoping for an opportunity to depart for down under?
D: Yeah, that's one of our goals for this year, 1991, is to get over to Australia.
Is the record available domestically or on import there?
D: In Australia it's available on a 10" blue vinyl format [on Waterfront], so it's kind of cool, like smaller.

So you're doing really well in Australia as well.
D: I don't know. I hope so. We get tannal from there.

What about places in Eastern Europe?
D: Haven't had a single letter from the Eastern Bloc. I don't think it's over there. I hope so but I kinda doubt it. Maybe they're standing in line like for cheese or something over there.

Any new material coming out?
D: No, none. That's it. We're a one hit wonder...

You sure thanked a lot of people on the back of your EP.
D: David Naz is from the Chemical People who lets us rehearse in the back house of his pad for free and Mr. Finch is Jennifer's dad who's been very nice watching our dogs and stuff while we were off on tour and Danny, David, Dean and James and E-Rock are from Cat Butt who we did our second tour with, who are like our brothers from Seattle.

Are you on a mission to see more girls picking up guitars and blasting away?
D: Yes, I want to influence young women to play and young men to play but someday there's gonna be a band to absolutely blow us away.

Do you see a band like Paper Tulips doing that?
D: I like Paper Tulips; they have one woman in the band. I just like good music. I don't think we're at the top by any means or anything like that. I think hopefully we'll be influencing young women to pick up instruments to learn how to play and have fun; get a message across.

Do you have girls coming up to you asking how to get started?
D: We have girls and boys write us fan mail for advice, for inspiration, inspirational words. Do we have any? No.
S: I would tell them keep going no matter how tough it gets, how hard it is, keep up doin' it.
J: We're proof you can do it against all odds.



THURSDAY NIGHTS

DJING BY CITR

VELVIS EYEBROWS' THURSDAY TOP TEN

- 1) Happy Mondays • Grandbags Funeral
- 2) Sisters of Mercy • More
- 3) Meat Beat Manifesto • Psyche Out
- 4) Ride • Seagull
- 5) Killing Joke • Money's Not Our God
- 6) Artillerymen • 96
- 7) Stereo MC's • What Is Soul
- 8) The Charlatans UK • Then
- 9) Straw People • One Good Reason
- 10) Plantbachofnus • Ilif

BEAT ASSASSINATOR'S PIT TOP TEN

1. Meat Beat Manifesto • Hello Teenage America
2. Public Enemy • Brothers Gonna Work It Out
3. Parliament • Flashlight
4. KMFDM • Godlike
5. Meat Beat Manifesto • Helter Skelter
6. Boogie Down Productions • Ya Know The Rules
7. Artillerymen • 96 (Amblomorphic Mix)
8. Vomito Negro • In Strict Tempo (Part 2)
9. Straw People • Beautiful Skin
- 10) Out Out • D.W.I.

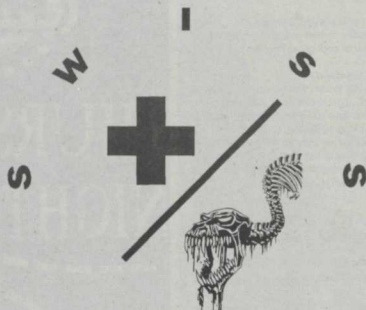
NOW YOU HAS JAS 10

- 1) Front 242 • Tragedy For You
- 2) Killdozer • American Pie
- 3) Airin Peryglus • Y Cyfarfod
- 4) Paris • Escape From Babylon
- 5) Plantbachofnus • Pwyltrais
- 6) Double Dee • Found Love
- 7) Rikk Agnew's Yardsale • Never Let Me Down
- 8) Cranes • Inescapable
- 9) All Gynod • Perthynas
- 10) Hullabaloo • Dr. Love





by Laurent Aerts



HARDCORE

DIOXIN BLOODSTAR

TEXT BY ULIANA



Bloodstar: Patrick Lang Paris

Switzerland's

(reported in the western press) 0% unemployment rate, healthy economy, and formidable federalist system of government make it one of the most admired countries on the planet Earth, yet it is very evident with bands who have submitted music to CTR—Smelly Gambas, Profax, Fleisch, and The Infected—that something very wrong is happening in Swiss society. Enter Dioxin, an issues-conscious punk band from Trin in eastern Switzerland whose Atomic Death cassette warrants some investigation.

Beginnings?

Marcel Reich: After one year in arts school I came back to Trin to start my apprenticeship as a graphic designer. I met a lot of cool people here. Me and some friends decided to start a band. That was in 1987 when I was seventeen. We were the second generation of punk bands from this small town. We played cover versions of bands like the Sex Pistols, The Clash, or Henry Rollins. We couldn't play our instruments very well. We were bloody beginners, so it was just chaotic and noisy punk rock. The lineup today is Rainer Glauser, 24, student of psychology, guitar; Forti Diener, 17, student, guitar; myself, Marcel Reich, 20, graphic designer, vocals; Steve Coler, 22, student of biology, drums; Pascal Berseker, 17, typographic designer, bass. The lineup today is the best we ever had. Today, I would mark our music as hardcore with thrash metal influence. I changed my lyrics from German to English because hardcore is an international thing and English is much easier and better to sing fast. Most Swiss and German people can understand English.

What's your motivation?

Our motivation is to scream out and live out our aggressions, our frustrations, and our dissatisfaction. Some of these feelings we trace back to this kind of sick society we're living in. We are five different people working at the same project and that is very interesting. We just love rock music.

Is Dioxin nihilistic?

If you define "nihilism" as the negation of the possibility of real perception then it's a wrong assessment of our music.

In attempting to explain the health of the music scene in Yugoslavia, Alex from Pankow told me that compared to Italy, "It's a much more violent, much more unsatisfied society," which is the reason why "it's possible to do something more creative." On the other hand, in Italy, "people are more quiet, more satisfied, and they have a full belly, so they don't care to go a step beyond" which he claims is the reason why Italy's underground scene is pathetic. How true is this of Switzerland?

I don't know much about Yugoslavian society, but what Alex said about Italy is true. Most young people in Italy are dressed very fine. There a lot of fashionable conformists. Some weeks ago Forti and me were in Rome for three days and people looked at us as if we came from Pluto just because we were dressed a bit differently. The police took us to pieces just for our torn trousers and anarchy T-shirts. You can't compare Switzerland with Italy or Yugoslavia. We have a small rock subculture here, Switzerland has surely too good an image in the world. I wouldn't say that something very wrong is happening in Swiss society. We have the same problems, the same shit going on like in other countries... destruction of the environment and so on. Maybe Switzerland is a bit more capitalistic, similar to the United States. A sick underground can also be a good underground.

Are bands like Dioxin limited to "Jugendhaus"es of Europe? I hope Dioxin's not limited to the youth houses of Europe. In Switzerland we have some nice clubs and other places to play. Better and more famous bands have better places to play.

What do you mean in the line "No problem man! Sandoz can play everything" from your song "Holocaust"?

In November 1986, a grave chemical accident occurred at Sandoz Industries in Basel. Chemical contaminated the Rhine, the whole river chain was killed. After this accident Sandoz declared that they would pay a compensation, but you can't revive all the animals or clean the river with financial compensations. Since then different accidents and financial scandals at Swiss corporations and banks have intensified Swiss people's suspicions of their operations.

Should Switzerland join EC '92?

Switzerland shouldn't join the

EC '92. EC '92 is a real economic system. Small businesses and especially farmers would close down. Only multinational corporations will produce for Europe anymore. It's time to recognize that we don't need economic growing anymore. Maybe it's for other reasons than mine, but a lot of Swiss people are against EC '92.

Keeping in mind "Swiss army Fuck Off" (You have a choice: Army or jail / Is that Swiss freedom, or what the hell? / If you want to join the army, do it! / It's a tin soldier army / Suppressed, subdued / Recruitment, 17 weeks / Swiss army, fuck off x 8...") what are your comments on the national referendum to dismantle the Swiss army?

The best way is the radical one: to give up the army. Unfortunately, the army still have too many friends here, but military leaders were shocked about the result of the voting.

Dioxin have a full length LP scheduled for early summer release. For further info on this and their *Atomic Death* C-60, write Meno Reich, Vismar 224, 70 14 Tlin, Switzerland.

The best

band in America right now: The Pixies' Living Colour? Nine Inch Nails? Bell Biv DeVoe? Seeing as any mention whatsoever of NIN guarantees their record company taking out a full color back page ad (with bonus subscription incentive sticker), and that there were in the final hours of production for the new *Disorder* and we STILL haven't received the camera-ready artwork ("Because anything less just won't do" — Greg "Jacques" Elsie) from TVT Records, NIN are automatically disqualified. I also realize that since Bell Biv DeVoe = The Pixies, in all fairness to the other participants one of these supergroups, too, must be removed from the ballot in our little contest here. So, let's stay with Bell Biv DeVoe, and add the Kennedy Fried Chicken jungle band for all national advertising — REM — to the pop. Living Colour, REM, Bell Biv DeVoe. The best band in America... Wake up and smell the birds, pal! You're not even close! Try Bloodstar. Hell, they're not even American.

Iron-Maiden minus the "Tattooed Millionaire" meets Siglo-XX-a-at-James-Heffield. Tom-Arax-co-hosted-hot-tub-christening-at-Michael-Gira's-cottage-in-the-Adirondacks should give you an idea of where the Zurich troika of Michael Pansl, Rolf Brunner and Roger

Banner lie on the musical spectrum. And if it doesn't, put it this way: they got guitars, they got synths, they got a drum machine and they ain't afraid to use it. They outman Killdozer and Ministry, and even though they're not gonna keep the Thursday night Pix-Pix-Peter-DeLaive-punks-in-LA-Gitar's new line-up of Joy-Disunion-weir (wash in hoke warm and "hug" dry) from enjoying their tongue Nivek Ogre Stomp, when their stigmatized LP caught the attention of some fairly uninteresting CTR types in 1990. With its recent release licensed for North American distribution through Minneapolis' Red Decibel Records, more college radio jokers on this continent might get the opportunity to experience for themselves a band when I keep going on and on about during those awfully lonely Friday evenings on the air. Ladies and gentlemen, scruffing lotion users and Statists, let's give it up for Bloodstar.

Could you please give us a little bit on Bloodstar's background? What styles of music were you playing previous to this band? Rolf Brunner: Well, we've known each other for many years, now as we started making music in our teens. You could say we grew up together. At that time we were influenced by bands like Tinioberg Gräde and Chrome, industrial rock in general. That was also the reason why we started making music with electronic instruments. We formed our first band when we were about 16 years old. At that time we played some kind of electronic punk rock, you could call it, and we had some gigs, mostly for fun. It was pretty noisy and over the years the whole thing became more and more serious. That was the reason why we founded Bloodstar back in 1986. I think we've always been influenced by a lot of different music, like punk rock, electronic music, and film music.

Do you think "nihilistic" is a fair assessment of Bloodstar? R: Nihilistic in that we don't follow chimes. There's some different styles in rock and roll that became schemes like bands only having a drum and bass player, a guitar player and a singer. It's sometimes very difficult for us to explain why we have synthesizers and guitars. We don't belong to the techno scene and we also don't belong to the metal scene. We're just interested in sounds. This is not bound to any instrument or scheme, so I think nihilistic is a pretty good expression for our style.

How do your two "electronic noise" cassettes compare to the Bloodstar LP?

R: Well, the two cassettes are much more structured than the LP. The cassettes are from the band's beginnings and actually, they don't contain any songs. It's just noise. When we made the LP, we were a lot more metal influenced than we were in the beginning. The cassettes are more simple experiments with our instruments.

What is the inspiration for Bloodstar?

Michael Pansl: First of all, we are three totally different personalities. Each of us is influenced by different things. I read a lot which Rolf doesn't do at all and Roger neither. We are all great movie fans, especially horror movies. We also listen to different kinds of music.

R: Well, if I weren't playing in a band I just wouldn't know what to do with my time. Perhaps I would thrashup people or something like this.

M: That sounds very drastic. R: Well, I think it's also a big adventure to make music, to explore sound and stuff, you know. I think it's a good way to waste your time (laughs).

Mythology and science fiction seem to play a big role in your lyrics.

M: Well, I write all the lyrics and I am influenced by mythology and science fiction because I read a lot of books about that. I'm also interested in history and the lyrics to "Down". There is no money in this martial world. "Stagger with your blood-dripping urn sword / Over the atrocious battlefield of fear / With the sound of shattered bones in your ear" are influenced by history. The lyrics on the first LP are very doomy, but I think that has changed now and there are other subjects I am working on at the moment, but I guess you'll hear that when the second LP is out.

Bloodstar signed a deal with an American distributor (Rough Trade) and label (Red Decibel) to handle the Bloodstar LP. Why are you re-releasing the first album?

M: We are re-releasing the LP because up until now people couldn't buy it outside of Europe and in only some European countries.

R: We only made a thousand copies of the original pressing on our label (Desert Engine - ed.) and they've sold out. Right now, we are working on new material and we plan to release a 10" maxi which hopefully should be available this spring. We're

also working on a lot of electronic stuff in our small studio.

Should your release do well in America, are you willing or are you prepared to make any sacrifices in order to pursue the life of a rock and roll superstar?

R: Well, I don't know about the lives of rock and roll superstars. Put it this way: we try to be prepared for everything that should come over us. Personally, I don't believe that this will ever happen with our music because we're not willing to change the extremeness of it. We want to be extreme and I think this would work against us becoming famous.

A psychedelic band from Italy—Soul Hunters—told me: "In Italy there exists neither the places nor the clubs where you can play peacefully. It's a different scene than America or than any other European country like Germany, France, or England. Clubs don't exist. It's all because they don't believe in young Italian groups. This is a large problem. Thus, many groups have short lives. You certainly can't make a living at it." How reflective is this of the situation in Switzerland? Are there opportunities for underground bands like Bloodstar in Switzerland?

R: I've heard the same thing about Italy, that there aren't any clubs at all and that it's pretty hard for Italian bands to play. I think the situation in Switzerland is a little bit better. There are many places where bands can play. There's also no clubs here, but it's got different places like old factories, etc., especially here in Zurich where there are a lot of illegal bars mostly located in basements, and a lot of local bands play at those places. So it's not so bad.

M: If you want to play, you certainly can find an opportunity.

Your views on Switzerland and EC '92?

M: I think Switzerland will have to join EC '92 because if it doesn't we're going to be on a totally isolated island and I don't think that anybody wants that.

R: Actually, I personally am against joining EC '92 because it will have many bad effects especially on the economies here in Switzerland. We would have imported all the bad products from other countries. For example, beef from Great Britain which I wouldn't eat at all. So it will have serious effects on Switzerland in general and also on the country, I think.

M: Yes, probably we'll have an invasion from all the countries

around us and what I'm really concerned about is that Europe is not like America. People are different... in France or Germany and Italy, they don't even speak the same language as we do. For them [America] it's the same. These people have totally different mentalities, and if there are vendras (enemies) between people, vendras will remain. R: That's another big problem concerning Germany. Since most people in Switzerland don't like Germans at all, this will be a big problem for us.

I've read that there are 130,000 companies that employ between one and one hundred people in Switzerland, and that 99% of Swiss companies employ fewer than one hundred people and that the EC will have a serious effect on these small businesses not only in Switzerland but throughout Europe.

M: I don't know if these figures are correct. I assume so. But they give a totally wrong impression about Switzerland because the remaining one percent are really huge companies like Sandoz or Nestle or all the big banks and insurance companies and they employ a lot of people and they are certainly recovering for EC '92. They won't be affected. The problem with the small companies is that they will have problems selling their products because... (uttering something in German).

R: (whispers) "Competition." M: (laughs) They will have a lot of competition in their market with products from Germany and France and Italy. So, I don't know if this is good or bad for the consumer. But it will certainly be a problem for the companies. R: The problem is that the small companies in Switzerland have got a very high and also famous quality level... I don't know if they can sell their products anywhere because I suppose that most people are not willing to pay high prices for high quality products if there are low quality products which do the same and are much cheaper.

M: Yeah, but I think this might also be the chance they have to keep their quality standard and so if people want quality they buy these products.

Where does the Swiss public stand as far as joining the EC is concerned? It is my understanding that the whole federalist system in place in Switzerland would be seriously threatened as would your economy which is very regulated. R: Well, I suppose that the biggest part of the Swiss population

doesn't want to join EC '92. M: The federalist system we have here is part of the Swiss mentality and I think this will be the main reason why people don't want EC '92.

What are your comments on their referendum initiated by the group for a Switzerland without an army and its results?

R: Well, you have to know that almost everybody that lives in Switzerland has to go to the army. The army has always been a very traditional thing and it really was a big surprise for almost everybody that about 30% of the Swiss population was against the army which was a very high percentage. Nobody expected this.

What are your feelings on Platzpromenade Park? There have been a few television documentaries on it in Canada. Some people have argued the park teaches people to become drug addicts, while others have said that by not providing addicts with needles and a place to shoot up, that more people would die.

R: Actually, I think that the drug problem in Switzerland isn't so big as it is in America right now. Probably the only problem here is that we've got the image of being so clean and stuff, and this is a very extraordinary thing to happen in Switzerland — that there is a public place where you can buy drugs and shoot up. It's obvious that if the drug addicts weren't provided with clean needles, the AIDS disease would be spread much faster, of course. But it's also true that a lot of people come to Zurich to buy drugs now, since everybody knows where to get them, especially young people from the countryside who have problems getting drugs in their villages; they come to Zurich and buy their drugs here.

Is there much of a scene in Zurich? The Young Gods are the only other band I've heard of from Zurich.

R: Well, the scene in Zurich is pretty big I suppose. There are some other well-known bands from Zurich as well, for example Celtic Frost and Yello. There's a lot of smaller-scale bands, so Zurich's music scene is pretty hip.

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Nov. 10

Pulled into the Big Toe today at seven thirty in the morning after driving about 40 hours from Winnipeg. We've all stumbled into our buddy Chuck's ten by ten apartment stinking and dazed. Chuck's already stocked up on the browns and seeing how we don't have to be at sound check we start pounding 'em back while Chuck reminisces about the good old days back when we were all in OGRE. So far everything's real cool; Calgary was typically lame, we got stiffed in Edmonton, but we met this real cool band called Nine Pound Hammer from Lexington, Kentucky. They were staying at the same shitty hotel as us and also got stiffed by the same promoter. They liked Canadian beer and Johnny Cash so we got along swell. Played two nights in Winnipeg with Skin Yard from Seattle and that was real cool. Swilled tons o' beer with them. But now we've made it to the Toe, it's noon, we're shitfaced and hungover and stoned on hash and we have to go and play our first show to night with Skinny Puppy. To quote a Puppy song: Totally Fuckin' Weirded out.

Nov. 14

Arrrrrrr I got a screamin' hang-over, we're drivin' by the cover of darkness to Montreal after two shows at the Concert Hall in T.O. The Puppy tour is pretty fuckin' big. Played to about two thousand people both nights, people didn't hate us in fact we went over well. Shane's amp blew up half way through the set

the first night but the P.A. is so incredibly huge that all we gotta do is hit our instruments real hard and we blow out everyone's ear drums. Found a common bond with OGre from Skinny Puppy, we both really like Old Bushmills a lot... maybe this won't be so bad after all. Middle of November sometime Shiftfaced in Boston, with this wonderful friend of Bruce's, Emily. We all fell madly in love with her and she treated us all like royalty. Unfortunately, the show here is cancelled due to illness and border hassles, they hated us in Montreal, it was really cold there and it's way nicer here, the beer is real cheap and we're partying heartily.

Later still...

ME NEED BEER BAD!!!! New York hated our guts, Washington was cool; we stayed in a Comfort Inn and drove our dear manager Al crazy by over-using lines from Blue Velvet. Every time he opens his mouth we all scream wildly. "Fuck that shit, PABST BLUE RIBBON." Terry also refuses to bathe and keeps Al fully informed on the status of his hemorrhoids. We're in Pittsburgh now and Al has gone home early. I guess the road is not his cup of Tea. We're on the guest list for the Iggy Pop show tonight and I just set the bed in the back of the truck on fire. Bruce went out to the truck to get some beer and the futon ignited from a cigarette I threw. Luckily he had a whole six pack left, which was just enough of Milwaukee's finest to put out the blaze.

Even later in the month...

We're enjoying fine Southern hospitality in Atlanta now. Staying with more friends of Bruce's. Seems that everyone who Bruce knows on the East Coast (and on the West Coast for that matter) are all insane alcoholics, which suits me just fine right now. We're staying with Bruce's old friend Sid who just built a

neato machine that creates honest to god lightning storms right in your very own living room. The power to his house was restored just prior to our arrival. From Pittsburgh we went to Norfolk, Virginia via a short cut. Terry found that we went through the Appalachian mountains. I woke up about seven hours into the trip to take a piss and everyone at the gas station was wearing army fatigues. I looked around for perhaps a military vehicle, but then realized that this was just how everyone dressed in this neck of the woods... help me. It's real warm in Georgia at this time of the year so we went with Sid and his girlfriend to a bar that had a beer garden. This is where I found out that every female in the South is a goddess and I really like the way they say "Y'all!!" like another beer honey. I got really drunk with Bruce and Terry and Sid and all the other fine Southern folk while Shane and Dave and Christian patiently waited for us out in the parking lot. The weather is pleasant here.

Early December...

Florida sucked. It was 83 degrees and 98 percent humidity. Stayed with more of Bruce's sickie friends in Orlando. Shane and Christian got the shit knocked out of them. Dave hasn't taken off his long Johns since we left Vancouver, and weird things are coming out of the van and on my body. We're off to Tulsa after a brief stay in Bruce's hometown of Tallahassee where we got to meet more of his looney American friends.

On to Texas.

Yehaw!!!!!! Now this is more like it! Two nights in Dallas, one night in San Antonio and the two nights in Houston before we're off to Denver. Everyone here is insane, alcoholic and on Ecstasy to boot! Prime Mexican food and crazy Mexican women in San Antonio. We ate so many fajitas before the show here that we played everything at half speed. We so fat sounding tonight we just had to play a couple of B.T.O. songs. Shane took off to the Alamo to look for the basement; he came back rather disappointed.

Houston

First night was the best show of the tour so far. There is tons of beer here and tons of people who are right into drinkin' it. Also a 40 pounder of Johnny Walker to live up the evening.

I don't know the fucking date anymore!!!! OK!!!!!!

Went to Oklahoma, two nights, Tulsa was cancelled. We played a big country beer barn just outside Oklahoma City in the middle of a corn field. Elvis played on the very same stage as did George Strait, Johnny Cash, Mel Tillis and Skinny Puppy. We drank a whole lotta beef and it seems people like us in the smaller towns better. We figure that's because people don't necessarily go to see a band because they really like the band, they go just because it's the only show happening that month! So things are goin' way better than we expected. The whole Skinny Puppy crew and the band are real cool to us and that helps a lot. Tonight we're flying a model rocket that Dave, Terry and I bought at the mall around the corner (or the corn field) from the club. It's two o'clock AM and this sucker is supposed to reach about two thousand feet. I gotta use the truck battery and jumper cables to light the engine. The launcher is made out of some wire and a coffee can. This is prime rocket flying country 'cause it's so fucking flat. Hogstar One (that's what we named our rocket eh) completed three successful flights until it blew up on the fourth two thousand feet above Bob's Country Bunker, whatever the fuck this place is called, in the middle of Oklahoma.

Shane went into the Puppy's dressing room and came out gritting his teeth again. Wonder why?

Near the end...

We're in Denver and it's Fucking cold so I know we're getting near Vancouver. Got real sick, ended up with some girls who had skinhead boyfriends. We've scooped ourselves up in a motel just outside of Denver. Terry and Christian are out enjoying the hot tub, Bruce and Dave have hopped the Amtrak to San Francisco and I haven't left my bed in 30 hours. Everyone seems to be keeping their distance from me... I think I've had enough American beer for a while.



Shades of Spinal Tap in Nor-fuck VA

Gore loaned me his stilts, took a stroll around the "boathouse" (boat storage area turned night club) without even falling down in spite of vast beer consumption (I can see why he wears a Christmas tree on his head, he fell during the 2nd song of our set. Christian runs out and picks me up. Army radio communications came through Dave and I's amps, scarily close to Spinal Tap.

Dallas Texas

A post show party in the Puppus I was invited to the Puppy's hotel for some further backstage abuse: Hung out in Gore's room until I sensed it was time for me to go. So I headed to Tim Gore's special effect (Puppyguy) room. After many hours of rapid talk and teeth grinding, Tim's roommate says "Gore mah but gotta sleep. You should split." Ok, so it's 3:30 AM and I'm in

Norfolk, VA - Virginia Beach Navy Town; everyone's in the militia. Milkmen are all grinning. Downtown looked like Old Man Turt. Shane lay down in the middle of the street, Chris ran around with his pants at his ankles. We figure there's been a radiation leak or something. The one we met was a Black guy asked: "You boys in a rock band?" "Yup." "What choo all call selves?" "Tankhog." "Youou

the middle of Dallas so with no idea where to go the boys are fun. Out of the hotel I spotted a closet, looks like a hotel staff have found a sorry home-time to see for me someone was called to let me in and that stayed till showtime. I thought, I was never at any parties after that.

KEY: Seated L to R: Terry, Shane, Hamm, Bruce, Dave.



Shane's Ass (see text)

The Tankhog Road Atlas of the United States & Canada

Land Area: 7,391,150 sq. mi.
Population: 267,555,740

For an index of cities and towns and an explanation of map symbols, see page 119.

Compiled By Shane Davis, Steve Hamm, Bruce Kane, and Terry Russell with photos by Al Campbell and Tankhog.

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be called as undertakers. "I guess we had a lot of black clothes on at the time."

We left to a 7-11 to phone the Puppy Motel. While I was on the phone, a couple of Black guys ran out with a few cases of Budweiser, trailing loose cans. The girl working there picked up a can and threw it at the guys, who promptly retaliated. I hopped in the van and we left; the cans were still flyin'.

We went to Virginia Beach. The main strip was a long row of empty hotels desperate for off-season business. We got a cheap room, gorgeous ocean view. I just finished taking a dip in the pool and I am now watching the Flinstones. Talk about a swell Tanksgiving.

Day 34? "Oklahoma is OK"

That's what the license plates say. Ya gotta love a place that takes pride in its mediocrity.

We arrived in Tulsa to discover that the gig was off. Damn shame; the hall was really cool. Cains Ballroom looked like it has hosted numerous shitkicks, headbangers, but weren't destined to be part of one. We spent the remainder of the day in a mall, waiting for Shane's new glasses. Found a cool yoyo that plays Yankee Doodle. I managed to sleep it three times past macaroni so far; good incentive for thrower sleepers. Next stop: OK City via the Turner Turpin (named after C.F. we assume).

The next day we spent in the parking lot of the Diamond Ballroom. We bought a model rocket and launched it before the gig. Our dressing room is the old stage where Elvis once played. Cool place to suck back (Blue Ribbon. Cool gig: the Hicks dig the Hog. After the show we launched the "Hog Star 1" for a second time. We put a mofo engine in the third time around and that was the last we saw of the "Hog Star 1." Spent the night at Jessica's in Norman, Oklahoma. Am sitting now. Next stop: Texas.

Denver, Day 41
We crossed the Centennial Zone. Bruce got drunk before he started drinking...

Day 43? Reno.
Getting drunk was never so challenging. You have to constantly monitor the waitresses to know which slots to play. They get less friendly as the night wears on. By the end of the night I had to gamble \$2 to get a really watered drink. Final score: spent \$17, got really drunk, played for 8 hours and pocketed two silver dollars. Can't bitch: \$17 buys 20 minutes of pinball and 3 beers at home.

Day 48?...

Winnipeg, Day 6

On the fourth floor of the Royal Albert—I've been told that people have died on my bed—not particularly comforting or reassuring—gotta get some sleep—there's a man muttering in the room next to me—he seems to know something vital of which I am very unaware—occasionally he emerges from his room to ask no one in particular about his mail—sure hope it comes soon—

later...

In the bar—a bar where they don't serve coffee—got keep those patrons fucked up—I could only afford a game of Cyclone my happiness would be on so boundless—Terry and Dave are filling their pockets with matches—they're gonna practice more pyrotechnics—disaster is imminent—launching rockets from hotel windows just can't be safe—

Skin Yara's preparing to soundcheck—a barrage of Seattle grunge is soon going to be gurgling across the floor—time to hide in the bathroom—far from the gurgling grunge—

Toronto, Day 10?

Skinny Puppy are soundcheck, upstagers and it is very loud—there's a black box of androgyny sporting every possible shade of black lipstick—I'm starting to get concerned—

post show...

Shane's amp blew up and he's perching on top of Mike Armstrong—This city is getting weird—gotta get out of here—

Montreal, Day 13

Bogus crowd—allowed entry to no one—

Norfolk, Day 17?

Grant Hood's inspirational poem about the girls from Norfolk

We're the girls from Norfolk

We don't drink

We don't smoke

Norfolk

Norfolk

Norfolk...

Hamm wrote a little note for

Eric Brickell in the bathroom

was—Sure hope she pinches a

log for Tankhog tomorrow night

when she plays here—this city

scars me—think it's now in-

teractive to drink a great deal—

Day 26

driving through Florida—the humidity is clinging to party-reclining flesh—two days of Southern debauchery in Atlanta, where beautiful women bought us far too much beer, has done us in—now back in Mr. Van with Hamm's fast-decaying feet far too close to my nose—all beauty has dissolved in the heat, and previously dormant features are again alive—everything has begun to crawl with a persistent purpose—in the words of Jessica, "I am very afraid..."—My head aches constantly—falling off the stage onto it in Charlotte was not the best thing that could have occurred—damaged—it didn't hurt at all the whole time, I was drunk in Atlanta, weird, must be the humidity or something—

Miami, Day 27?

Shane blew gallons of blood last night—bouncers on coke decided he was doing a little Turkish Revue and put another hole in his ass—lotsa blood—blood in the alley—bloody footprints down the sidewalk—blood on the fence—lots of cops taking pictures of all the blood—plenty of cops too asking insane questions and telling Christian to calm down—Christian kept saying, "No! No, you don't understand!" They would in turn assault him they understood perfectly, and tell him to just calm the fuck down—I saw very little reason for alarm of any sort—at one point the cops cuffed Shane and Christian together—his town is civil—it's only redeeming quality is the fact that beer is sold 24 hours a day—aside from that the people all look diseased and the city's a pastel night mare—now I'm hungover on top of it—we gotta get out here—

heads—Jerry's in town—Played to Art Fags—Ran across skinheads—"Slaughterama" by Gwar tops the charts in the van, beating out "Stick of You."—Hamm walked out of the room this morning screaming, "Holy Shit, I just heard it on the radio! Jerry's fucking dead, man! He OD'd last night! The motherfucker's dead!" General pandemonium ensued—

Orlando, Day 28

At Charlie and Stacy's suburban home—Oh fuck, I feel so much less than healthy—the air is liquid in my lungs—93% humidity—soon I'll be able to swim around the room—gotta drink more iced tea—I forgot what a staple it is in the South—a necessity—I feel as though I have been awake for three days on speed and managed to get four hours of sleep just to be awakened again by a cruel joke—the ice in my tea has begun melting, with remnants of once—a new friend, I'm so happy—Hope that guy who fell in the barbeque pit last night eventually made it out there—Guess Jim and I shouldn't have dragged the couch outside—I think it just confused him—

Denver, Day 41?

Crossed the C.T.Z.—Drank Johnny Walker while driving through Texas—screamed at some stars—seems like the thing to do in Texas—woke up here in Denver surrounded by Dead-

Day 42

going through the Rockies—in a Greyhound moving slowly towards San Francisco—getting myself far away from the blue van from hell, people on hallucinogenics, and girls with skinhead boyfriends—how does Hamm meet these women?—It's uncanny—like those beautiful Mexican girls in San Antonio—the ones who smoked a joint and started screaming "AAARRRRRIIBBBBAAAIIII" at the top of their lungs—I think their boyfriends eventually showed up also—damned women—We have an entire week off—Dave's on a train heading west—I'm surprised he hasn't shived us all by now—dealing with the money and his drunken bandmates couldn't be much fun—Have to find some one on this bus who'll buy me supper—this is important—

San Francisco

My band's out drinking with Donut and my brother—I've found sanctuary at Eric's—Vancouver has suddenly become far too close—it's presence is most unpleasant—I see no apparent reason why we ought to return to that sewer—we so fondly call our home—fuck these three days left—

Vancouver, Day 52—

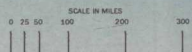
No more free beer—no more free food—no more perdiems—this just isn't at all good—no more abusing assholes in the crowd—no more fun—and it's snowing for Christ's sake—I just don't understand—we have to get out of this place—

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SUBTEXT

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW



BY JUDITH LAHTI

Recently, at my

place, I emitted a short sigh. Ever thoughtful, he glanced over as to enquire what was up. Right on cue I sang a-la-Morrisey "I'm not happy and I'm not sad" (actually it was just an attack of pre-wedding jitters). But the sentiment, that feeling of utter limbo I momentarily felt, can be yours too folks, found through the writings of Paul Bowles.

His first novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, was published in 1949, an era when people had names such as Port and Kit, the husband and wife who, with their companion Tunner, travel throughout the cities and deserts (Sahara) of North Africa, in search of adventure and—don't laugh—themselves.

With *The Sheltering Sky* now a film directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, a new generation can discover that angst has always existed, this time seen through post-WWII travellers' eyes.

The Moresby's marriage disintegrates as the pages turn. This couple is in t-r-o-u-b-l-e and the

desert isn't a sympathetic place to work it out. Ultimately Kit alone is destined to a wild search for some salvation the couple together couldn't find. The last quarter of the book focuses on Kit's encounters.

Paul is the Walrus: *Selected works of P.B. Nomads, drugs, existentialist heroes and wandering heroines, the destruction of third world cultures, lots of love and lots of pain.*

novels:

The Sheltering Sky (49)
Let It Come Down (52)
The Spiders House (55)
Up Above the World (66)

short story collections:
Collected Stories 1939 - 1976
Midnight Mass
Unwelcome World

poetry:

Next to Nothing: Collected Poems 1926 - 1977

non-fiction:

Their Heads are Green and Their Hands are Blue (travel essays)
Without Stopping

translations:

Isabelle Eberhardt: *The Oblivion Seekers*
Mohammed Mrabet: *The Big Mirror*
Mohammed Mrabet: *Look and Move On*
Mohammed Choukri: *Jean Genet in Tangier*
Rodrigo Rey Rosa: *The Beggar's Knife*

recordings:

Tellus The Audio Cassette Magazine #19
featuring Bowles reading his own and other works

These include joining a harem and becoming a virtual sex slave; the reading is fast paced and rather lurid. This novel has no "good guys"

or "bad guys" per say; the characters are a mixture of the two. Confusion reigns and the outlook is gloomy: this poetically written story's ending is not happy and quite sad.

Bowles was born in New York 80 years ago. For half this time he's lived in Morocco where he continues to write. Aside from being a novelist and being a composer for film and theatre, the man is an ace short story writer. His *Collected Stories 1939 - 1976* (Black Sparrow Press) is the perfect introduction, with 39 stories. Subjects range from a son seducing his father (1), to a subtle story of an American on an excursion with some Buddhist priests, to the kidnaped linguistic professor whose tongue is cut out by African nomads and is reduced to a clownish state as his captors' disposal. These pages contain stunning description of emotion; the clash of cultures is often examined. Then there's the landscape: Mexico and North Africa are the principal settings. Bowles' descriptive powers are fascinating, sweeping the reader up in the action of the tales.

Invisible Spectator, a biography of Bowles written by Christopher Sawyer-Launciano published last year (Ecco Press), is a 500-page work showing Bowles from childhood through marriage to write Jane Bowles (check out her own incredible collection of writings, *My Sister's Hand in Mine*, also from Ecco Press).

E.J. and his later years (Bowles has a cameo appearance in *The Sheltering Sky*). A private man, Bowles has

done his best to keep his life just that, and while not altogether encouraging this biography, he did give blanket permission to the author to quote from all his writings. This coupled with letters/memoirs of friends/fellow writers makes for an in-depth study. Bowles published his autobiography, *Without Stopping*, in 1972, which, while of course accurate, doesn't reveal as much as *An Invisible Spectator* does.

Thinking of getting your



loved one a Valentine's Day gift? The perfect book is one of *The Beauty Trilogy* by A.N. Roquelaur.

This is steamy erotica with a twist: not only is the author Spook-

meister Anne Rice (which makes early editions rare collectable) but the writing is "politically correct," which is to say the men are spanked, bound and teased just as much as the women are.

The basic plot is that Beauty is awakened from her century-long slumber by the Prince only to find her clothes stripped away and her butt hauled to the Grand Kingdom. With her parents' consent, Beauty enters a "training ground" for her ilk: upon graduation she'll be returned with a big grin on her face to her own Kingdom. Well guess what? Beauty is a girl with her own ideas and soon finds herself on the auction block. Gulp.

The saga of Beauty and her male friends, the "disobedient" Tristan and the "runaway" Laurent, continues through the trilogy (written during the early '80s and in order): *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, *Beauty's Punishment*, *Beauty's Release*.

From an aesthetic point of view these books are lovely; the hand-tinted cover of Beauty's Release has an amazing skyward. Each chapter is titled. And the sex? Oh, pretty darn hot really. Balanced with great writing, class, and loads of symbolism of the day, these Beauty books are Valentines-Red-Hot. Who needs chocolates anyway?

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. 12 midnite, artist guy and dog owner, took time to write and tell superb.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE READING 12 MIDNITE

As one may well guess, my relentless quest for trashiness in all aspects of life does bleed over into my choice of reading material. The supermarket checkouts are an invaluable source of all great truths in this and many other worlds. Of the tabloids it is, of course, *The Weekly World News* which rules supreme (even Spin says so). My favorites are stories concerning animals—"Fish eats people and horses"—and the "lost tribe" articles (the headhunters who wear formal gowns stand out in my memory).

On a more historical note, early

'60s "intimate" magazines read like a Miss Manners of heavy petting. Who can forget "Make-out girl... forced by her Mother!!" or "Such a quiet girl, but she can kiss!!" The shame these poor misguided girls had to endure because they just went too far should serve as a lesson to all out there who may be considering pre-marital "Skin-Hunger." 1950s *Popular Science/Mechanics Illustrated*: "Build your own autogyro... in your back yard." God bless 'em.

Of special interest are favorite

books of psychopaths. My favorite? *The Catcher in the Rye*. But let us not ignore comic books. Mid '70s Marvel & DC's: you can get them cheap so it doesn't hurt to read them in the bathtub or in nightclubs (cool move 12—judith). Also, you can cut them up and make paintings from them and sell them for too much money. Gladstone reprints those trashy 1950s E.C. comics that caused such an uproar when your dad was a boy. Hey, anything with zombies and "cemetery ooze" is OK in my books. What am I saying? I

mean it's a #1 in my books.

The smoke shop on the corner sells 1970s *Hot Rod* magazines for too much money, but if you need ideas of what to do with shag carpet and crushed velvet, they're hard to beat. Other favorites: *5th business*, *A Clockwork Orange*, *Jazz* magazine (mid '80s), *Globe Examiner*.

Last Book Read: *The Book of Rock Atrocities*.

Next book in line? I saw *Anya* has a couple of pretty interesting looking Hardy Boys.

The American war

Based on the powerful novel by Erich Maria Remarque, the film focuses on a group of German youths who are swayed by romantic ideals of

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)
A spaceship lands in Washington DC carrying Klaatu and the robot Gort with intentions of peace, but also with the message that if Earth doesn't rid its atomic bomb potential it will be destroyed by the other pac-

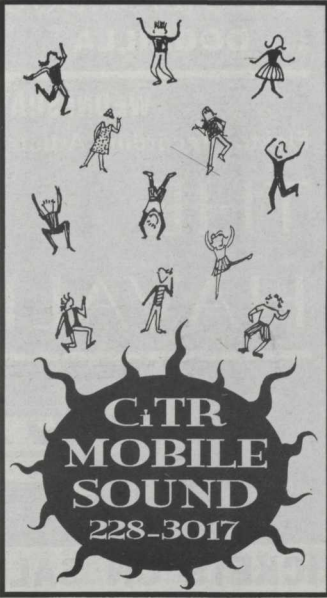
Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1963)
An American general authorizes a bombing in the Soviet Union without the knowledge of the President, resulting in a hilarious satire on anti-Communist hysteria, the gung-ho military, world leaders and the

After his limbs and face are blown off in WWI, a young American is declared brain dead and shoved into a utility closet in a hospital. But his alert and through flashbacks, scenes of his innocence and vitality provide a sharp contrast to the horror he is now confronted with. He eventually communicates with a sensitive nurse, but is finally withheld from what he really wants—death. A severe criticism of the care and treatment of disabled veterans and of the general military oversight of the negative effects of war, although the ending is a little sentimental. The cast includes Timothy Bottoms, Donald Sutherland and Jason Robards. Written and directed by Dalton Trumbo.

[illegible]

FEBRUARY 14, 1991

OPM SUB ROOM 207/209



PHANTOM PRODUCTIONS presents

From Australia,
Nettwerk Recording Artists

FALLING JOYS

with special guests from Boston,
Embargo Recording Artists

THE NEIGHBOURHOODS

From Portland,
SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9

DHARMA BUMS

with from Boston,

THE NEIGHBOURHOODS

and **DOGZILLA**

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Elektra Recording Artists

THE HAVALINAS

THE TOWN PUMP

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with special guests

THE PICASSO SET

THURSDAY
FEBRUARY 14

TICKETS ON SALE AT VTC AND ALL USUAL OUTLETS



REAL LIVE ACTION

SKINNY PUPPY Commodore Ballroom Saturday 22 December

The lights dimmed and all the young'uns pressed to the front of the stage, waiting for the show to begin (which took quite a while; Puppy likes to build "atmosphere.") But at least we got to listen to a tape of surreal landscapes by Cevin Key and Dwayne Goettel called "Doubting Thomas" (and no they didn't pay me to mention it).

Finally the happy lads hid behind the stage and what a stage it was! The show opened with pretty images of birds, waves, undulating aqueducts all awash in blue. Key sat surrounded by a massive drum set; Goettel bobbed at keyboards screened by wires interwoven with leaves. Images (mostly pretty gruesome) moved backstage screen.

Ogre, sporting fashionable grey electrical tape around his head and his designer black jeans, entered to an enthusiastic response; this intrepid reviewer was nearly crushed in the ensuing glee. The music was superb. Key seemed happy to be a full-time drummer again and Ogre proved he can growl quite well without the aid of electronics. They even did some of my favorite songs: "VX Gas Attack," "Warlock," "Spasmolytic."

The theatrical portion of the evening was extremely gory. The main prop was the "Chair of No Care," which had a TV on top and moving arms that looked like tree branches. It looked great, but as Ogre only sat in it a couple of times, it was superfluous to the show. The most revolting thing by far was the latex human chest Ogre put on for a couple of songs: he proceeded to grab suspicious-looking, blood-smeared stuff out of its

"stomach" and munch happily on it. MY stomach wasn't too pleased. Ogre then became a "tillipon" while perched upon crutch/stilts, wearing a grotesque mask, he died a symbolic death and re-emerged, reborn, clean, without any props, into the best part

of the evening. Even though it was only two songs, the encore was indicative of the direction I feel Puppy should be heading in: no stage blood, no stunts, no props—letting the music speak for itself as it does so well (OK, they can keep the tilts). Ogre seemed more real—almost shy—but still has a strange rapport with the audience with his maniacal smile and enigmatic gestures. Alas, the encore (and the whole concert) was too short; the mic changed against metal with a loud thud. Ogre stalked off the stage, the lights came glaring on. Back to normalcy? June

L7/MARY/LUNG The Cruel Elephant Saturday 29 December

"There's too many people in here," said a voice. "It's getting sweaty." "You're getting old," said L. Lung



Skinny Puppy/Lionel Richie/Winter

kicked right off with some balmy stuff, but most of the audience just kinda stood there and swayed a bit. "Too early," said the voice. Maybe. But it seems to me that a few years ago people would have been slamming after two bars of this stuff.

Maybe it was the atmosphere. The Cruel Elephant (We have to find an abbreviation for that name!) The C.E.? The Elph?, heralded by many as the saviour of the local music scene, is still too pristine and new: don't slam too hard, you might scratch the paint! The club just doesn't have that lived-in look that the Arts Club or the Savoy had (a minute of silent remembrance, please). Not yet, anyway. A few protein spills on the carpet, a few chips in the arborite tabletops, a couple of dents in the gymnos, and it'll feel just like home.

Oh yeah, I was talking about Lung, wasn't I. They're punk in all the best ways—loud, fast, obnoxious, with some cool time changes—and none of the worst—no haircuts, no anti-fashion fashion, no formula tunes. Most likely influences: CBI and NoMeansNo. Guitar strap held on by that silver stuff affectionately known to musicians as hamster tape. Guitarist broke a string but plowed on through the time regardless. I heard a riff that reminded me of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, when they played with @*k! a far more interesting band. Mary didn't do much for me this time, either, although they were a little better. Most of Mary's presence, and, I suspect, its talent, lies with the bass player. The drummer's kind of invisible, and the guitarist is too busy adopting an Attitude. What really killed them for me was the juvenile "Saw My Daddy Fuckin' My Momma." Maybe this would have been outrageous and shocking when I was twelve, but now it's just stupid. Even their cover of "I Wanna Be a Woman" can't redeem them.

I think it was a Frankie Avalon movie in which he demonstrated the hand shapes: L+7+Square. They showed up just as Mary was (mercifully) winding down. "But you close in half an hour!" said a voice. "No we don't," said Paul. The slamming began. A few guys tried stage diving, but the crowd wasn't really dense enough, so they just ended up falling into their buddies' arms, which is fine, or knocking over L7's mic stands, which bites. The guitarist's cries of "Security, I've got a violator!" went unheeded, and the drums were apparently some monitor problems, too.

"I'm not givin' anything away when I say you guys are nuts," said the guitarist/singer. The singer/guitarist went on, and like Malcolm McDowell in *A Clockwork Orange*. The bassist/singer's smile was pure poetry. The drummer...well, she drums like a girl: stiff-wristed, like the girl in that Cleasrall commercial. But these women kick butt. Not as tight-knit as Lung; a little grungier, and a little sloppier with lots of crunch and power. And square they ain't. I was impressed that they braved the blizzard all the

way from Seattle, showing more jam than the aging Hawkwind, who'd wiped out the previous week on their way up from Portland. I spent the rest of the night on slam-buffet duty, watching L7 crank it out. I wish the benevolent from Dayglo had gotten the fuck off the stage about five minutes earlier so L7 could've gotten on with their encore. Living proof to the theory that men tend to dominate conversations. Obvious advice to L7: leave home earlier next time, and bring your own sound tech. And love the cover tunes.

It was still snowing when I left, but all my bus connections were happening, and I had German anti-freeze in my veins and L7 in my ears. I was warmed. Happy trails, ladies, wherever you are. **Tiny Sparks**

DOSE PUMP/ENIGMAS/ GORILLA GORILLA

The Cruel Elephant Monday 31 December

How 'bout dem Gorillas! No one likes to hear that their guaranteed good time on New Year's Eve has cancelled but unfortunately this was the case. Due to "medical reasons," the Wongs could not play the Cruel Elephant for the band New Year's Eve fest; however, all was not lost because Gorilla Gorilla really came through. Everything from Chili-type stuff to all-out hardcore heavy quickness was pumped out. Comparing them to the Chilies really isn't fair though because Gorilla Gorilla's songs have much more complexity and craziness. They delivered their unpredictable set as if they were headlining (which they should have been). "Joe bass guy" came complete with a flying evil clown doll, a lot of jumping around, and a playing style that looked so sloppy I wondered how the hell he hit the right notes. Obviously the man knows his bass. The beatings of Brett the drummer were also pretty nutty. Fast and intricate. The fact that these two have been playing together for quite a while in real shows. Randy with the crazy 'do had a lot of high tech guitar equipment with him and used it to produce some intense chordage, even though he wasn't turned up as much as he should've been. Mama Gorilla Bluff went on their single and done a pretty good job too. She didn't jump around a lot, but did get some good zoomins and a poke in the belly. She was wearing a wild pair of white, studded and jewelled chaps and a flatterer, cut-up Gorilla T-shirt. They've moved out from Winnipeg and I'm glad they did. There's a lot of home in Vancouver for good quality hardcore; go see these guys!

The Enigmas, filling in for the Wongs, opened their set with some excellent hand-rocking tunes. After taking time out at midnight to acknowledge the new year, they slipped into the nostalgia zone which the floor seemed to enjoy. I don't think anyone can really resist a good psychodelic projection or MacKenzie's

crazy sax playing. As for Dose Pump, ci harro superkn. **Kevin Mc Candless**

THE POSIES/JOEY KLINE'S O.K. Hotel, Seattle

Sunday 6 January
The O.K. Hotel was the place to be for a mind-blowing doublebill. First up was Joey Kline's Wild West Show. Joey has again put together a bunch of Seattle's most talented



L7/Lionel Richie/Winter

musicians (including Craig Ferguson on bass and drummer Dave Guinn, both of sensational Seattle subgroup The Squirrels), and with guest appearances from others, it proved to be an entertaining show. Orville Johnson stole the spotlight when he sang the old blues tune "White Freightliner," complete with guitar solos. Les Bohem, ex-member of Sparks and the Gleaming Spires, showed up to sing a Merle Haggard tune and "Don't Fear the Reaper" with Joey. Ken Stringfellow sang backup to Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" and "Derailed," the title track off Kline's 10-song cassette which features many of the night's participants. If the Wild West Show ever comes to Canada, don't miss it!

Next up were The Posies, fresh off tour. Some outstanding moments in their set were:
—Mike Musburger's new outfit; guest appearance by Roderick for a Sky Cities Mary reunion;
—two encores;
—finishing up with stage dives by the entire band;

All in all, this show was well worth the six bucks and for a gig that was hardly advertised it did quite well, drawing a reported 350 people. **The Girls Next Door**

SLAYER/TESTAMENT PNE Forum

Wednesday 9 January

The motley crowd in the PNE Forum could have been cast for a film called *Misfits of Society* (maybe even *Skeletons of Society*). That's who Slayer, along with opening band Testament, thrashed it out for; they obviously felt this crowd deserved some rewards.

The Marshall amps were lined up and in full force, delivering a power akin to a form of exorcism. Slayer, too, delivered with the killer quality sound they promised. Savage vocals that crawled around the body like a snake, ranging against all constraints of society: drums that drove on and on, bashing and beating our chests into submission; a wailing speed-metal guitar that reached the highest realms of tightness, fighting against the dark and

foreboding bass power: yeah, the heads were going on and down to the flaming sound and the slammers were slamming. This was pure catharsis, helped along by Slayer's technical wizardry. The key changes, unpredictable rhythms, and contrasting textures of their live and best-in-show, *Sessions in the Sky*, were all there, lending some interesting undertones to pieces taken from earlier albums.

The muscle-content of Slayer was obviously up to the occasion,

although at times they seemed to be teasing their audience with too-long breaks between numbers. "Fuck that, we want more!" yelled one angry puppy, a cry echoed in various obscenities, even though the band was dripping wet after three-quarters of an hour and the slammers had thrown off their shirts. When the relentless drive of "Mandatory Suicide" kicked in, blowing away the already powerful album version, the crowd went wild, and the guitar solo's shriek from hell was worth the \$27.50 admission alone. The psychotic feed for the underworld was in evidence like a primal scream. Araya's "Well, what should we play next?" was met with a universal "ANGEL OF DEATH!" but before they played it. And ended with. Of course, the audience still wanted more and Slayer's "Goodnight" was anti-climatic, but what wouldn't be for the hungry metal masses? **Sarah Chesterman**

BUNCH OF UCKING GOOFS/ PEEWEE MANSON/ CRAZY CATS

The Cruel Elephant Wednesday 23 January

Once again, for no apparent reason, some lameass band that couldn't play live kept showing up. This time it was the puppets show opened. On to give local artists a shot. I know, but the Crazy Cats are destined to stay in the garage forever. That said, the next band, Poe Woe Manson, was a surprise. For a band that plays Club Suck frequently, they were a pretty heavy far side. Kinda sloppy but still not bad. Next up was the band every *Quincy/Chips* punk in the sold out place was waiting for: stars of the early '80s CTV's *Live It Up* show, Toronto's own bunch of fuckheads. Man these boys were a pretty good gig when I was 14 but now they're rehashed Mayhem/Pain. Lyrics and riffs seem a bit, well, retarded. Just say farewell crap about society's evils, you know: corporations, governments—the same people who give the band and half the audience a welfare check—etc. Kind of funny but it probably took them a long time to drive from TO and it wasn't really worth it. **Bruno**



UNDER REVIEW

ASWAD

Too Wicked
PolyGram/A&M/Island/Mango
Superlatives, indeed. The new Aswad releases find the band once again coming to their reggae heritage. 1989's *Distant Thunder* album showed a noticeable departure from their roots toward a conscious attempt at "urban crossover" and thus mass acceptance; that acceptance never occurred and many reggae fans were put off by this release. *Too Wicked* shows Aswad have learned from their past mistake. Recorded in Jamaica with prolific producer Augustus "Gussie" Clarke, this release has all the trademark harmonies, tasty horns and solid riddims Aswad is known for. Gussie Clarke's trademark production style is also instantly recognizable, complementing the band without altering the texture.

The opening cut for this release, "Fire," is done combination-style, featuring Shabba Ranks, one of numerous guest performers on this session (J.C. Lodge and Nadine Sutherland are also featured). "Fire" sets the dancehall momentum tone for the rest of the album. Dean Frasier is credited with vocal arrangements that fortunately blend well with Aswad's harmony approach. Looking at the list of song titles, I was a bit apprehensive at first of the inclusion of yuppy soft-rock staple "Best of my Love," but the treatment of this tune is far superior to the original and sounds as if it were exclusively written for the band. All the tracks are solid reggae except "Love Won't Leave Me," done hip-hop style but still not entirely out of place.

Too Wicked will keep both the Aswad posers pleased and should attract new fans to this definitive merging of traditional roots-style harmonies and fresh dance-hall riddims. Those that criticize reggae's current outflow must do well to check this one out! **Mike Cherry**

BASTARD SQUAD

Hardcore Revolution
Blasit II
Hardcore bands from Australia are a bit of a rarity so my curiosity was up when I put this album on. I was immediately impressed with an intense ripper of a song called "N.C.A." These guys play powerful, fast hardcore with gut-wrenching yelling vocals

containing a hint of raw melody. This gives the songs a certain atmospheric quality and keeps them from blurring together into a wildly distorted mess. Judging from the sound and the angry punk rock "I hate authority" lyrics the band likely owes at least some influence to early punk bands like the Exploited. Even like the cover, a well drawn skeletonized court jester holding a pig's head implied on a stick. What more could you want? **Tom Milne**

DEAD CAN DANCE

Aton
PolyGram/4AD
This latest release represents a slight departure from past efforts. Previous albums looked towards far eastern, especially Indian, music for inspiration. However, here medieval and early renaissance music act as the starting point. But the leap is not as dramatic as it might seem; the middle and far eastern influences inherent in medieval music are quite apparent and Aton maintains a stylistic continuity with the group's previous work. The darkly luxurious medieval flavour combined with Lisa Gerrard's sumptuous vocals, provide a full sound. The music spans the range from the 14th century piece Salterello to the arabic influences in *Garden of Zepphr*. Two short ambient interludes offer a delightful change of pace. Brendan Perry's vocals verge dangerously close to a poorer John Cale, but never threaten to disrupt the musical flow. A very enjoyable offering. **Peter Slickert**

JULIO IGLESIAS

Starry Night
Sony/Columbia
Actually, I don't care for him in English. I only like him in Spanish and Italian. That's all. I don't like him in French because he doesn't pronounce well. In Italian, it's just as though he were Italian. He puts more into the languages he speaks better than English. Even French; I don't care for him. **Bepi's Mom**

KINOTHEK PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE

Suspense
Audiot
Albums by percussion groups are few and far between; good percussion albums are even rarer. Last year

we were treated to Uzueme Taioko's excellent debut *Chirashi*. Now we have *Suspense* by the Kinetick Percussion Ensemble. Unlike the disciplined and bold ritualism of *Chirashi*, "Suspense" owes more to Eno and his fellow ambient soundscape than to anything else. The album features subtle arrangements with sparse sprinkling of environmental touches. This is not so much an album of percussionist prowess, but rather of clever and deliberate mood and place making. If there is a criticism, then it is that the music at times seems to be missing a context, almost like sound-track music without a film. This in itself isn't a bad thing, but it does threaten to delegate some tracks to mere background noise. **Peter Slickert**

KOFI Black...with Sugar

Ras/Arilla
Coming out of Ariva Studios in London, home of the Mad Professor, this album has taken the soulful and soft female voice of Kofi and overproduced an uninteresting example of lovers rock. Definitely more suited to a less synthesized and quieter reggae sound, Kofi's potentially talented voice is lost among a repetitive drone of uninteresting melodies and accompaniment. There are a few spots where the lyrics are interesting and the annoying synthesized sound stands back and lets her sing such as "Black Pride" and "Big John," but more often than not, one wonders if the middles of songs are just tape loops. Positively speaking, the second half of this album provides a passable demonstration of soft lovers reggae (but certainly an English sound): more produced and polished) and the songs all seem to group together fairly well, even though they lack interest and primarily would serve as soft background music as long as nobody listened too carefully. **Russ Hergert**

MAD PROFESSOR

Mad Professor Recaptures Pato Banton
Ras/Arilla
Mad Professor, the English version of the legendary dub great Lee "Scratch" Perry has been capturing several artists in England on his highly computer based rhythms. Pato Banton is one of his most recent and most successful in capturing. The sound remains very English in it's unfortunately strident adherence to computer generated sounds, but it does meet with some success through a few positive glimpses of Pato Banton's lyrical ability.

The first track, which is often the strongest of most albums produced by Mad Professor, plays on Bob Marley's bass line from *Exodus* as Pato Banton comments on his status as a victim of the music industry and an ineffective lyrical stylist reminiscent of a Ninjaman style as he praises the mad producer who is taking him on *exodus* back to some decent music, a path that has often been missed by Pato Banton in the past. This misdirection is heard through repetitive and used lyrical phrases on "Satan," as well as the downright bad track "Mr. Singh" too often emphasized with overproduced accompaniment. If you dislike the sound of electronic drums, Mad Professor is not for you. However, apart from this, the rest of the album is a fairly good

example of one direction the English reggae sound is taking. Pato Banton flings out some decent U-Roy style of bubbling lyrics on "Tsk Me Time" and "Live As One" which also offer good backing vocals by Sandra Cross to produce one of the highlights of the album, while the social commentary subtle description of a few tracks and the Brigadier Jerry-style of poetry on the less successful "Worries" reflects his interest in culture lyrics. Each song is followed with an instrumental version by Mad Professor which only offers some interesting dub on a few tracks and usually prompts the listener to skip to the next song. Pato Banton's lyrical bag is a borrowed one but he does manage to put out what I feel is some of the best work he has done if you are a fan of his electronic reggae sound. **Russ Hergert**

BORIS MIKULIC

Heresy
A&M/Virgin/Caroline
Boris Mikulic is 26 and comes from Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. He was born into the orphanage of St. Augustus parish. An unruly child who spent his formative years in the detention center with only the Latin masses and organ heard from a nearby church for company, Boris was released at age 12 and taught to read and write and play piano by a kind monk. At 16 Boris ran away to Berlin where he was exposed to "Western" music. He returned to the University of Ljubljana, where he met Ilya Dimitrović, with whom he shared in Sontag's work, which did particularly well in Germany.

Sounds made up? Only Boris and his record company know for sure. I first met Boris on that awesome *Antler/Subway* sampler, *Around the World-Electronic* Botev's his contribution "Bitter-er Als Der Tod," a mix of technodance and Gregorian chants. This is Boris' first solo album and I'm mightily impressed at the fusion of guitar and electronic BPM: the opening tracks, "The End" and "Die Mauer," are killer examples. There are also more atmospheric cuts, but they also have a definite edge to them. Boris Mikulic is definitely a name to remember. **June**

MARI BOINE PERSEN

Gula Gula
A&M/Virgin/Realworld
Gula Gula is a fine and unusual offering. Mari Boine Persen hails from legaladas near North Cape, Norway. She crafts soft and melodic folk music that draws heavily on the traditional music of the Sámi (the people from the Laplanders, since Lapp is considered derogatory). The sparse arrangements and the clear, often hauntingly beautiful vocals create a rich dialogue between the present and the more primal influences of the Sámi culture. The music ranges from melodic ballads to somber incantations with a pleasant and even flow. It is excellent music for moonless nights when you're reading *Tristan and Isolde* by candlelight. **Peter Slickert**

PIGFACE

Spoon Breakfast
Touch & Go/Invisible
Imagine my inexpressible delirium when I was handed this EP which includes the likes of Martin Atkins, Bill Rieflin and Paul Barker (Ministry, Revolting Cocks), Chris Connelly (First Taste, Cocks, Ministry), Ogre (Skinny Puppy) and En Esch (KM-FDM).

The story behind this amazing release is that when drummers Atkins and Rieflin got off the "89/90 Ministry tour," they went to a recording studio with Steve Albini and some of the talent then in Chicago. Atkins and Connelly remixed some tracks and this EP was born.

The four songs are interesting in very different ways. "Winnebago Jobbed Tapeworm" is incredible: a slow, tortured funk from hell with Ogre screaming/chanting over it. "Busmaster Bushism" is kind of a dueling drums without ever falling into the bad drum solo syndrome. En Esch does his Blixa thing on "War Ich Nicht Immer Ein Guter Jung," starting with a high, ear-ringing wail slowly building in tension and volume. On straight ahead rock song "Tonight's the Night," Connelly does vocal duties, joined by Ministry's William Tucker on guitar. A full-on flagrant Pigface features an appearance by Nine Inch Nails' Trent Reznor. Write to Pigface c/o Invisible Records, PO Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616. **June**

RANCIH HELL SPAWN

Chainsaw Masochist

Wrench
If puke in a blender could be heard rather than seen, this is what it might sound like. Rancid Hell Spawn have achieved the impossible by stretching out their raw, barely distorted, psychotic, noise-grunge/gang/pop disco over a full length album without getting tedious. The music is actually quite boppy and catchy in a hyperactive-slobbering, axe-waving kind of way. Playing this for people in a bar, most of them didn't say "What the fuck is that?" it is still reason enough to own it. **Tom Milne**

RIKK AGNEW'S YARDSALE

Emotional Vomit
Tript XXX
I had to force myself not to skip from song to song on this record. That's a bad sign, especially considering Rikk's past glories with punk legends the Adolescents and D.I., both renowned for their highly melodic, riff-laden punk tunes. These songs are quite unremarkable and showcase what a lousy, boring singer Rikk is. This record should've been titled Rikk Agnew's Vomit. **Tom Milne**

SENIATOR FLUX

The Criminal Special
Cargo/Emargo
Senator Flux, originating from Washington D.C., are a psychédelic garage pop band. Their music is part of a growing phenomenon which incorporates sixties kaliedoscopic imagery with contemporary beats and vocals in a grungier sound.

Although perhaps a bit egocentric at times, Senator Flux are a talented group of people with something to say worth hearing. They use a wide variety of instruments such as the oboe, saxophone, harmonica, violin, and organ in addition to the basics, guitar etc. and present a variety of interesting ideas both poetically and philosophically.

Their songs blend with powerful

subjects like people's tendency to forget past wrongs in politics ("United States of America") and in one song I really like, "The Combane," they describe very well the insanities of the world - a nice, poignant topic for these days. The only drawback is the annoying whine of singer Jeff Turner (brother of Grey Matter), which obscures intelligent lyrics in songs like "Great Sloth Heart" and "Fallenness."

As well, the Flux also has a good solid sound which can be listened to over and over again. If nothing else get the record for its knockout cover designed by Grace Jellies. Angle Finely.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Unknown HC Drinkers

MCR Company
Three floppy, floppy fly-dicks of Japanese hardcore and metal noise damage that his hand than any lamest, next-big-thing schmuck band on CBS. Bands with buzz hairs and excellent names like Blunt Head, Struggle, Diabolic, Pit-Scoler, Think or Sink, Deepthroat, and the winner in the Japanese Hardcore Band Name Most Likely To Be Tattooed In Inch High Gothic Script On My Forehead contest: ASSFORIT. The Japanese blend better cars, calculators and cows than Americans and this comp proves they better than 800 Yen MCR Company. 157 Kamigae, Maizuru, Kyoto, 624, Japan, should secure you these essential discs. **Gav**

WARTIME

Fast Food For Thought

Rollins, as in Henry, and Andrew, as in bassist for Rollins Band, team up in a minimalist blues techno damage parade. First off this ain't Black Flag, you retro geek, Wartime is 100 times more relevant in 1990. The beats and samples (i.e. music) move beyond the technicalities of Ministry, Pailhead and Lard, rising up to the same bluesy mayhem of the Rollins Band, albeit with a techno edge throughout. Rollins, the big baby man mental cripple wanna-be all the way, echoes his perversion with lyrics filled with truly twisted ideas, rolling thunderclaps of Rollins' hatred encompasses what most people hold up and respect in life. Fuck that: the nihilistic reality of how easy it is to hate most of the world is bitterly evident underneath the funky twang of Andrew's ten bar bass. **Gav**

WAXING POETICS

Bed Time Story

Cargo/Emargo
Despite what their copy name and down home origins suggest, Waxing Poetics are a very far cry from the flake kids as Eddie Briskell and the New Bohemians. Their third offering is the mongrel offspring of a number of musical influences. While there are hints of psychedelia and flower power in their songs, the sometimes wailing, sometimes aching cry of the band leader David Middleton along with strong blues undertones add grunge and soul to each concoction. Lyrically the songs was more down to earth than poetic although songs like "Semaphore Signal" and "Masakin Moon" evoke some unusual images and others such as "Jet Black Plastic Pistol" and "Under a Fake Blue Sky" entice. In general, this album brings to mind Thin White Rope's *Sack Full of Silver* in both substance and quality. **Mindy Abramowitz**



For the longest time I thought Gut Flower were called Cut Flower. Oops. These are a nice bunch of boys who play rock 'n' roll music. And their "Think So" b/w "Maple Leaves" single is a rock 'n' roll record. And they would like to play in Vancouver so if you're having a party please give them a shout at Blow Valve Records (#12-959 Harrison

Street, Seattle, WA, 98109)

If you're even slightly hip you probably already own the Cynics' amazing *Rock 'n Roll* LP so you'd recognize "Girl, you're on my mind" (Get Hip) as being one of the better songs off of the aforementioned album. The A side of this single "Girl, You're On My Mind" is previously unreleased and definitely worth having as it rocks out at least as much as a large number of the tracks on *Rock 'n Roll*. If you like garage-rock played with the energy and intensity of more modern music, and haven't yet heard the Cynics, this single is a great place to start.

Da Willys cover Alice Donut's amazing "egg" and Alice Donut cover Da Willys' "Love Roller."

coaster" on their split 7" on Rave. This sort of thing has been tried before and it rarely works but there's some good news on this single. First off, I've never heard anything by Da Willy's before but their somewhat-twisted punk sound doesn't do "egg"



even the slightest bit of justice. On the other hand, I don't know what "Love Rollercoaster" is supposed to sound like, but it's tailor-made for Alice Donut. Catchy, energetic, annoying, and totally fucked it makes a great Alice Donut song.

Casus Belli includes an ex-

member of the Bastards and as expected their "Punishment" b/w "Going Poundin'" single (Amphetamine Reptile) is a slab of ugly, guitar-laden pounding noise, albeit slightly cleaner sounding and more energetic than most Bastards material. While "Punishment" is really hot, "Going Poundin'" is fairly boring.

Wld Made Flesh is a New York band that includes Jac – from the vastly underrated punk-folk band A.P.P.L.E. – on vocals. Their five-song EP actually reminds me of A.P.P.L.E. quite a bit although the guitars are heavier and Jac grows a bit more instead of showing off his incredibly melodic vocal range. Still, this is an impressive addition to the growing line of Squat or Rot Records which is becoming a very interesting “concept” label.

A friend of mine described Brents TV's "Lumberjack Days" (Lookout) as sounding like the band had been locked up in a shack in the hills with nothing but a Ramones record and Grandpa Joe's banjo band. How can I improve on a description like that? You've gotta admire a record where you can't decide whether to thrash to it or yell out 'sheeit... yeechawww'.

Although Red Transistor's "Note Bite" b/w "We're Not Crazy" single was saved from obscurity by Forced Exposure, I'm not so sure we should thank them for this '77 recording. There's some really interesting noises going on here but the repetitiveness wears me down, kind of like fingernails on a blackboard. The more I listen to it, the more I like it which is scary because it's just the type of pretentious N

edged whiny guitar-work. Antiseen play "Kill the Business" at about the same tempo except with extremely raw, gravelly vocals. Kind of like Lemmy on "Ludes."

I heard some girls raving about the recent Paisley Sin Club Soda show and, while most of the talk revolved around singer Sylvan Smith's physical attributes, there was ample praise for the music too. This band must be better live than they are on vinyl because although P.S. has done a very competent job both producing and playing on their single (KMA), there's nothing really exciting or interesting about the songs. Showing "two different sides of the band," the predictable metal-rockers



"I've Been Watching You" is paired with predictable powerballad "Dancing in a Trance." Paisley Prince has a serious case of the Guns-N-Roses-Wannabes, kind of strange for a band that prides itself on being "not typically what you see in the Seattle clubs."

The Jesus Lizard is a stupid name especially when there's so many other bands - stupid and un stupid - throwing the Jesus name around all over the place already. But the Jesus Lizard by any other name would sound as harsh. Cool driving riffs and intense fuzzy vocals combine in "Mouthbreather" b/w "Sunday You Need Love" (Touch & Go) for some mighty good music.

And now I turn the pen over to a special guest with some words to say about Ken Baumgartner's "Bomber" CD-single no Metal Blade/Caroline: Beni Crespan:

Bo knows hockey. Bo knows rock 'n' roll. Ken Baumgartner knows neither, but does a decent enough job faking the latter with pals-o-his Suicidal's Rocky George and a couple Fates Warning guys. Thematically, the former LA King-turned NY Islander's vocal debut ("Ain't no hope in hell/Nothing's gonna bring us down/The way we glide/A hundred miles off the ground/Because we shoot to kill/And we always will/I's a bomber") is le jeu sur la glace's equivalent of ST's "Surf and Slam" or "Possessed to Skate" with all

proceeds directed towards leukemia research. The CD-single also comes equipped with two versions of AC/DC's "Live Wire." You're not going to find this legit sports merchandise item among the empty Oakland Raiders merchandise shelves in your favorite legit sports merchandise store so write Metal Blade Records at 18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 311, Torrance, CA 90506 for a catalogue.

Watch upcoming issues of *Disorder* for a full interview with Mr. Baumgartner by CiTR sports guy Jeff "Mingus" Paterson. Actually, like yourselves, this is the first Jeff has heard about this interview. So if you see Jeff, fist him in the back, breathe the mortadella sandwich ya just slapped up in his face, buy him a beer and ask him how the Baumgartner piece is going "because the idea sounds great!"



◀ FUTURE RAP ▶

BY ADAM SLOAN

Yo! This

installment of this column, so I'm still getting things organized, or getting in the groove so to speak. First a few reviews.

The Brand Nubians released their debut album *One For All* (Elektra) last month. This one fits right in with the style originated by the likes of De La Soul and The Jungle Brothers, sounding most similar to A Tribe Called Quest. Each tune is based on a loop of some old funky tune.

with not much else in the way. The raps busted on this bed track are intelligent most of the time and highly articulate. In general, a pretty good release with a few insights in it, but the style is a bit too plain. There is usually very little change in the tune once the rhythm is set up, and the curse of early rap—dragging—is evident here still.

A. new

(which stands for Kaotic Minds Corruptin') is getting ready to put out one of the craziest albums ever on Priority. With two guys rapping at the same time, there is a slight resemblance to what Run DMC does, but this is very intense rap with off-beat lyrics and dense production whipping things into a frenzy of energy in your ears.

On the slower tip again, Gang Starr's album *Step In The Arena* (Chrysalis) kicks mo' better knowledge. They are fond of Public Enemy-style high pitched horns running through the mix, but the rest of the rhythm, except the excellent scratching, is pretty laid-back with sampled loops and extra percussion

Ice Cube has just busted out another release, his *Kill At Will* EP

Priority. This contains remixes of two of the tracks of *AmerikKka's* *Most Wanted* and is produced by his main homie, 19-year-old Sir Jinx along with Chilly Chill and Ice Cube himself. They can't quite measure up to the production on *A.H.* but which was done with the help of Public Enemy's Bomb Squad, but it's still damn hard to say that it's as close out there. For the most part, Cube is still in his paranoia phase, but the funk still flows like Niagara.

Falls. Cube gets serious on the track "Dead End Homie," "The Product" is the best of the new ones, but the cuts and the "Endangered Species" remix is also excellent. As usual, the word "bitch" is all over the EP and although he's getting better, I think this needs some justification. Ice Cube's explanation for being so hard on the "bitches" is, females are watchin' channel zero on the TV all the time and then, he

high standard that men have to live up to. To get the money to look like the guys on the tube," he becomes a stick-up kid, taking your shirt, your shit, he's selling dope. Now he's got the car and the jewelry" and now he now has a chance for the bitch to like him. "If she knows how to do her shit right, the girl can make you buy" anything she wants. That's why he has done songs like "I Ain't the One" and "You Can't Fade Me." Ice is trying to convey that "material shit to get women" because he thinks that's the basis of all the black "crime, shit, dope, [and] gangs." On another tip, Ice Cube is supposedly going to be in a movie next year called *Boyz-n-the-Hood* (Columbia Pictures). My choice for best rapper this month? You guessed it, Ice Cube.

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Hot dogs, she says. She wants me to write about hot dogs. What do I, far removed from my carnivorous Surrey mall-going days, know about hot dogs?

So ran my thoughts upon my editor's suggestion that I explore the humble hot dog this month. Casting insecurity to the winds though, I threw my mind back to those halcyon days and dredged up a few recollections.

Hot dogs. Why have they earned such a hard-and-fast place in North America's cultural psyche, anyway? Well, a large part of their allure must surely rest in the time-honoured method of display: skewered on stainless steel prongs in those insanely-lit glass cases, slickly gleaming with a healthy coat of grease, damn nigh bursting in their hides as they hypnotically rotate before your eyes—hey, who can resist such a sales pitch? Sure sucked me in when I was a kid anyway, and still causes me to slow and salivate when I pass 'em by.

Willie Woofle Orange Julius, Drummer Boy Malt Bar: all purveyed the quintessential Mall Hot Dog in days of yore, and a representative from any of them was a cherished treat on the occasions M&D's funds allowed for them. But—let me forget—a non-mall locale that also served up a fine 'dog, albeit under a curious title: A&W. Remember the Whistle Dog Platter? When I felt real adventurous in A&W-land, felt like breaking free of the fetters of Teenbergdom, that's what I'd order. Came in a kooky wicker basket with French

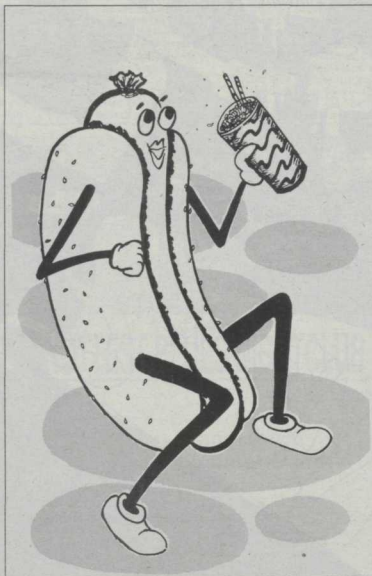
fries and that coleslaw in the cool, creamy dressing; a honking big slab o' flesh split lengthwise down the middle, sorta looking like it had been barbecued, resting upon a reverently open bun. This was the Whistle Dog, and in fact, it is available at A&W's to this day. Except now you may well hafta go INto a mall to avail

yourself of one, and when you do, it'll come in a plastic basket. Kinda lame, but there ya go.

Green relish. Ya can't have a genuine Mall Hot Dog without ya have green relish. Mustard is fairly obligatory too, but ketchup tends to sog out the hotdog bun and shouldn't

own. But somehow it never lived up to its miraculous promise when eaten alone; another one of the weird examples of food chemistry, I guess. And while I'm on the topic, may I allude to WHOLE WHEAT hot dog buns and denounce them as the bane of the hot dog's existence. Goddam it, a HOT DOG is primal junk food in its unadorned state and any attempt to render it partially nutritious is tantamount to blasphemy.

I remember one thing that always used to gross me out harshly was the fetid odour of the water that'd be left over in the pot after my mom cooked weiners for hot dogs. No offense to my M.'s cooking or anything; this is no doubt a universal phenomenon, but it was the one thing about hot dogs that always repulsed me. Thankfully, it's easily avoided if you stick to those aesthetically-pleasing, spit-encased Mall Hot Dogs. They can be damn delicious, but weiners made with turkey, chicken or beef in place of that old standby, pig offal—well, are they REALLY hot dogs, or only a bastardisation thereof, catering to the health-conscious '90s? I dunno. Hard to say. Heck, maybe by the turn of the century, tofu weiners will've replaced all other forms and the question will be definitively settled.



Mr. Weiner Man: Robyn Swick

be allowed near it. Chopped onions as a garnish are cool, although as a child my taste buds found them intimidatingly exotic.

So yeah. The hot dog bun—an important component of the whole—always tasted so great in tandem with the frankfurter that I'd jump at the chance to consume one on its

Okay, well, I don't think I need to get obvious and gross about the Symbolism of Eating a Hot Dog: suffice it to say, they look great roasting on a spit, totally sexy smirled in green relish, and taste like more when ya sink yer teeth into them. What more can you ask in a lifelong love?

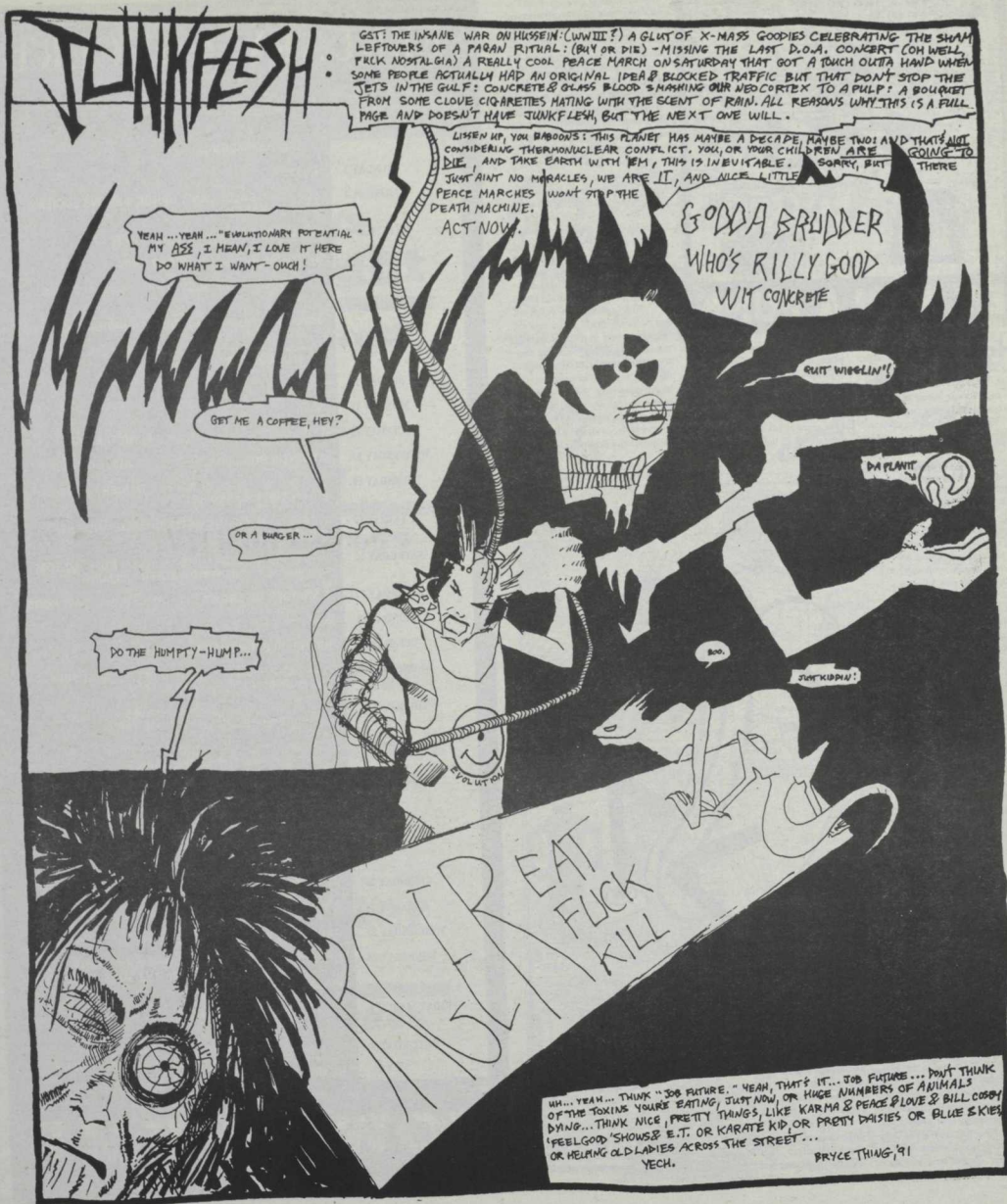
FEBRUARY CONCERTS

FRIDAY 1	MCA Recording Artists TANKHOG with special guests THE SWALLOW
SATURDAY 2	MCA Recording Artists THE CONNELLS with guests from Seattle HAMMERBOX
SUNDAY 3	Open
MONDAY 4	Showcase: SALLY CAN'T DANCE, FESTIVE EDDIES, GROOVE RANCH
TUESDAY 5	SHARKBAIT with special guests TURF CITY
WEDNESDAY 6	THE ODDS with guests UNDER RAIN
THURSDAY 7	CFOX presents THE MEDALLION with guests N.O.S.
FRIDAY 8	From Australia, Netwerk Recording Artists FALLING JOYS with special guests THE NEIGHBOURHOODS
SATURDAY 9	From Boston, THE NEIGHBOURHOODS with special guests DOGZILLA
SUNDAY 10	Open
MONDAY 11	Open
TUESDAY 12	THE NOISE with special guests MIND THE GAP
WEDNESDAY 13	ATLANTIS BUS with special guests SUN DOG SUN
THURSDAY 14	CITR 101.9FM presents MARY'S DANISH with special guests THE PICASSO SET
FRIDAY 15	WEA Recording Artists LITTLE CHARLIE AND THE NIGHTCATS
SATURDAY 16	Perryscope and CITR 101.9FM present BUFFALO TOM with special guests WINDWALKER and LUNG
SUNDAY 17	A MURDER OF CROWS with special guests SAW HORSE
MONDAY 18	SHE with guests
TUESDAY 19	KRAMER VS. KRAMER LUV NIGHT with special guests
WEDNESDAY 20	Coast 800 presents EUGENE RIPPER'S FAST FOLK UNDERGROUND featuring HERALD NIX
THURSDAY 21	CD Release Party for ANIMAL SLAVES with special guests RED HERRING and UZUME TAIKO
FRIDAY 22	CITR 101.9FM presents ROOTS ROUNDUP with special guests from New York BLAKE BABIES
SATURDAY 23	CITR 101.9FM presents ROOTS ROUNDUP with special guests GORILLA GORILLA
SUNDAY 24	Coastal Jazz and Blues Society and CITR 101.9FM present THE KNITTING FACTORY GOES TO THE NORTHWEST featuring THE SONNY SHARROCK BAND, CHUNK, and THIRD PERSON
MONDAY 25	KASHTON
TUESDAY 26	B.T.O.
WEDNESDAY 27	PAUL HYDE and MAE MOORE double bill
THURSDAY 28	Dr. Dream Recording Artists BOB'S YOUR UNCLE and from Toronto JERRY JERRY and THE SONS OF RHYTHM KINGS double bill
FRIDAY MARCH 1	1st show: MURRAY MCLACHLAN 2nd show: TRAGICALLY HIP
SATURDAY 2	1st show: SUE MEDLEY 2nd show: BARNEY BENTALL and THE LEGENDARY HEARTS

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DISCORDER DATEBOOK

1 FRIDAY Tanktop, The Swallows and Nimana at the Town Pump... Gorilla Gorilla and The Bombshells at the Crucel Elephant... No More Excused Amnesty International benefit with Bob's Your Uncle, Bolera Lava, One Big Union and Oh Yeah! at the Commodore Ballroom... Art Bergmann and Sons of Freedom at 86 Street Music Hall... Memory Day at the Railway Club... Mark Hummel at the Yale... Discover Dance presents V Vertigo Dance at the Vancouver Playhouse... Savage in Limbo at the Station Street Arts Centre... Vancouver Secondary Schools present Theatre Festival at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Pulling Passions curated by Karen Knights at the Video Inn... Brave New Play Rites at the Dorothy Somerset Studio, UBC.

2 SATURDAY The Connells and Hammerbox at the Town Pump... Chris

Houston and His Evil Twang and Herald Nix at the Crucel Elephant... Martha Reeves and the Vandellas at the Commodore... Memory Day at the Railway Club... EQ at 86 Street Music Hall... Marian Rose and the Headbangers at the WISE Hall... Repercussions at the Centennial Theatre... Mark Hummel at the Yale... V Vertigo Dance at the Vancouver Playhouse... The Barber of Seville at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Vancouver Secondary Schools present Theatre Festival at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre... Brave New Play Rites at the Dorothy Somerset Studio, UBC.

3 SUNDAY 3 Mustaphas at the Town Pump... Bill Clark Sextet at the Glass Slipper... Undeidentified Human Re-

mains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

4 MONDAY CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Hammerbox at Harpos (Victoria)... The Barber of Seville at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre...

5 TUESDAY CTR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... Mahatma and the Mahatma Queens backed by the Magnolia Tossie Band at the Commodore... The Connells and Hammerbox at the Off Ramp (Seattle)... Maurice Vaughn at the Yale... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

6 WEDNESDAY CTR presents For You: the special no-cover soiree in celebration of Front 242's first US America's release 'Tyranny' - For You at the Lev-a-Fair (6-10pm)... CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Nervous Fellas at the Railway Club... Spoon Dirty and Way at the Crucel Elephant... Maurice Vaughn at the Yale... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

7 THURSDAY CTR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Docktrabacker and Lung at the Crucel Elephant... Nervous Fellas at the Railway Club... Jesse Colic Young at the Town Pump... Maurice Vaughn at the Yale... Bob Weir and Bob Wasserman with Capping Day at the Pantages Theatre (Tacoma)... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

8 FRIDAY Winter Roots Music Festival begins Colleen Eccleston, Bill Henderson, Ole Xia and Bourne & MacLeod at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre and Jimmy Ray's 5-Star Hillbillies at the WISE Hall... Onion House with Soul Charge at the Crucel Elephant... Nervous Fellas at the Railway Club... Falling Jeys and the Neighborhoods at the Town Pump... Small Circle of Friends benefit concert featuring Johnny and the Stickmen, Christine Duncan, Peter Wastoff, Rhythm and News and Karen Parent and Friends at the Surrey Arts Centre... Maurice Vaughn at the Yale... Capping Day and Sadhappy at Western Washington University's Mama Sundays (Bellingham)... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

9 SATURDAY Winter Roots Music Festival continues John McLachlan, Valery, Babayaga String Quartet, Robert Minden Ensemble, Bill Gallagher and Jake Galbraith, David Esig, Uzzine Takio, Allen Dobb and Dumela at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre and Anzanga Marimba at the WISE Hall... 64 Funny Cars with the Sweetest at the Crucel Elephant... Nervous Fellas at the Railway Club... The Persuaders at the Town Pump... Maurice Vaughn at the Yale... Like Rain and Stumpy Joe and Hilman at the Off Ramp (Seattle)... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

10 SUNDAY Winter Roots Music Festival closes with Valley Jim Page and Zero Tolerance, Eileen McGann, "The Hat Band", James Gordon, Grievous Angels, Jenny Allen, Colleen Eccleston, Sandy Scordif, Wyckham Porteous Band at the WISE Hall... First Order Sealing, Daydreams of Sade, Subculture and Sonarchy at the Crucel Elephant... Ranch Romance at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

11 MONDAY CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Speed Bumps and Sally Can't Dance at the Railway Club... Double Exposure's 3rd Anniversary at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

12 TUESDAY CTR World Beat Night at the Pit Pub... Feathered Pens featuring Caroline Arends at the Railway Club... Concrete Blonde and Andy Prieboy at the Commodore Ballroom... The Filtrations at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Lloyd Jones at the Yale... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

13 WEDNESDAY CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Video Bar-B-Que, Baron Von Fokker and Taylor Kane Explosion at the Crucel Elephant... Concrete Blonde and Andy Prieboy at the Commodore Ballroom... The Filtrations at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... New Winds at the Glass Slipper... Lloyd Jones at the Yale... Stain Suzanne with Bitter End at the Crucel Elephant... The Filtrations at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Frank Frink's at the Railway Club... New Winds at the Glass Slipper... Animal Slaves CD Release Party at the Town Pump... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Lloyd Jones at the Yale... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... The Importance of Being Earnest at the Jericho Gym (West Point Grey)... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

14 THURSDAY CTR presents Mary's Danish at the Town Pump... CTR Cool Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Stain Suzanne with Bitter End at the Crucel Elephant... The Filtrations at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Frank Frink's at the Railway Club... New Winds at the Glass Slipper... Animal Slaves CD Release Party at the Town Pump... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Lloyd Jones at the Yale... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... The Importance of Being Earnest at the Jericho Gym (West Point Grey)... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

15 FRIDAY Dint and Sluggo at the Crucel Elephant... Clio Mango at the Railway Club... Little Charlie and the Night Cats at the Town Pump... The Filtrations at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Lloyd Jones at the Yale... Brazilian Carnival '91 featuring Brazilian Expressions at 86 Street Music Hall... Black History Month at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre Gallery... Empowerment Series by Ingrid Koenig at the Pitt Gallery... The Importance of

Being Earnest at the Jericho Gym (West Point Grey)... Undeidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love at the Firehall Theatre...

Continued on page 29



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I am your master, Vinny. I am your master! Mr. Carbuncle took his little black slave boy by the neck and tossed him across the pink tile floor. Little Karoot was the most disobedient slave Mr. Carbuncle had had since landing on the Portuguese colony five years before. He called the boy Vinny, after an Italian naval officer who had passed through Mr. Carbuncle's village when he was a boy. Mr. Carbuncle had been in love then, but now not even a beautiful dark-eyed native like Karoot could put the fire back into his thick colonial veins.

Why had this big Portuguese monster taken him away from his mother and baby brother, Dingo? Mr. Carbuncle started kicking. He had to teach this lousy runt a lesson. Right into the gut, again and again, until finally Vinny turned and looked at him, and in Vinny's eyes Mr. Carbuncle not only saw blood from the countless lacerations to his forehead, but tears, tears that took him back, far back to those long summer days with Vinny the sailor man. Suddenly he realized little Karoot was no different from Vinny; that the tears in Karoot's eyes were the same ones he had seen in Vinny's eyes when Vinny left for the Americas many years before.

I am sorry, Vinny, said Mr. Carbuncle. I didn't mean to cause you such pain and sorrow.

Karoot didn't care what name his master called him by anymore; he had heard the words he'd been longing to hear ever since he started working for this handsome foreigner.

I love you, Mr. Carbuncle, said Vinny.

They kissed.

by David Carswell

Scott 191

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